

“ Yet as his delegated power,
“ Might crush them in some fatal hour,
“ They waited, with subordination,
“ An answer from a higher station.
“ The *Rajah** of the Western isles,
“ On whom the mighty Brahma smiles,
“ May his magnificence be spread
“ Where’er *Sol*’s golden beams are shed !
“ Pitied the applicant’s condition,
“ But *never answer’d their petition !!!*
“ His servant, now elate with pow’r,
“ Grows more tyrannic ev’ry hour ;
“ Spurns insolently at his betters,
“ Who groan beneath despotic fetters ;
“ To meanest acts of vengeance stoops ;
“ *Contracts the pittance* of the troops,
“ Whose *Chief*, with a becoming zeal,
“ Remonstrates, but without avail.
“ The independent men that dare
“ Defenders of their rights appear,
“ Soon fell the victims of a rage
“ Their *ruin* only could assuage.
“ Each honourable post he grants
“ Now to a tribe of sycophants ;

* It may, perhaps, be necessary to say, that Asiatics are in the habit of paying most extravagant compliments.



- “ Fellows with heads completely barren,
“ Like W——k——n or Paddy F——— ;
“ And who, we easily can venture
“ To say, scarce knew the flank from centre.
“ This treatment, and to men of feeling,
“ Appear’d, completely, double-dealing.
“ Some of the chiefs were in arrest ;
“ The troops in general oppress.
“ ‘ What’s to be done ? ’ was now the word—
“ ‘ Stand to *our chiefs* with one accord.’
“ Thus spoke the sepoy ; and they arm.
“ The Presidency takes alarm.
“ ‘ Summon a council,’ cries the Chief :
“ ‘ Our resolution must be brief :
“ ‘ Those men, whose honour you suppose
“ Will not allow us to impose,
“ Displace, and quickly summon others,
“ Whose love of gold their honour smothers.’
“ This said, the messenger is gone ;
“ But, *by mistake*, he summon’d one,
“ An honourable son of war,
“ Who gloried in each gallant scar.
“ Since Pandemonium’s *foundation*
“ Struck terror to each *Christian* nation,
“ Not such a diabolic crew
“ Was ever brought to human view !
“ Conceive the *modern* Satan seated,
“ Above his compeers elevated,



- " With soul and brow that struck controul
 " Unto each dastard, servile soul.—
 " 'Speak, *slaves* *!' he cry'd, 'and tell your
 maker,
 " Myself, the supreme *undertaker*,
 " By what contrivance we shall 'scape
 " The horrors of yon dreadful lake.
 " See how it yawns! it flashes fire!
 " It rages, and it rises higher!
 " 'Twill overwhelm us! Speak! O speak!
 " And now the Chief began to quake:
 " But no one spoke—a silent dread
 " Seem'd to possess each loggerhead;
 " When thus the Chief—' Say, rascals! say,
 " What have I brought you here for—eh?
 " Do you forget that I displac'd
 " Those counsellors, my councils grac'd,
 " For *spite's* sake, to make way for *you*,
 " A stupid, good-for-nothing crew?
 " What's to be done? Does no one know?
 " Then, gentlemen, you all may go:
 " Go! *hang your caps against the wall*†,
 " And let me only meet the *squall*.

* This is the general Asiatic term from Rajahs (at least, tyrannical ones) to their *dependents*. Most of the *Burra Sahibs*, in the East, use this method of pleasing address to those *they think* inferiors.

† A Chinese expression, adapted to men who are inclined to be inactive or cowardly.—QUIZ.

- “ Heav’n! what a stupid set you are :
“ Curse me ! I’d lay my famous star,
“ My ribbon, and the *bloody hand*,
“ We’ve not such idiots in the land.’
“ While thus he spoke, with dev’lish frown,
“ Stamping, as *earth he’d trample down*,
“ He heard—‘ Ah’ please your Excellency,
“ Your difficulties *now* you see :
“ The only way you can prevent them,
“ Rests in *four words*—‘ The troops *content*
them.’
“ He had continued, but a roar
“ From the Great Man exclaim’d—‘ No more !
“ And is it thus *you* treat me here ?
“ Am I a cypher to appear ?
“ That you would dare opinions shew
“ Against the duty that you owe
“ To me, your Chief !’ *Admit I’m wrong*,
“ Does commenting to you belong ?
“ Those *traitors* ! how shall I destroy them ?
“ The veteran reply’d—‘ *Employ them ;*
“ Send them on *Honour’s* field express,
“ To make the foes of Britain less ;
“ Send them to act in *Honour’s* cause ;
“ *Treat them by honourable laws ;*
“ Then you may find, and *not too late*,
“ The troops *attach’d* to Britain’s fate :



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 " Unto each dastard, servile soul.
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 "The troops *attach'd* to Britain's fate:



- " But should you act a part unkind,
 " My observations—*keep in mind.*
 " With honest indignation fir'd,
 " The soldier instantly retir'd,
 " Leaving the sordid motley group
 " To mushroom consequence to stoop ;
 " For *he* *, of all the summon'd clan,
 " Had acted like a gentleman.
 " ' Speak,' said the Chief; ' I want advice :
 " You all appear as mute as mice.'
 " ' Sir,' quoth a modest martinet,
 " ' If I were you, I'd make them sweat :
 " I'd straitway order a court-martial ;
 " And this, *you know*, would act impartial.
 " Hang *ev'ry man*, and shoot the rest !
 " You certainly will then act best.
 " Your Excellency is aware,
 " That all your faithful friends are here :
 " Give us the *posts* that we *deserve* ;
 " Your consequence we'll then preserve :
 " But let *my place* be sinecure,
 " For fighting I cannot endure ;
 " To active service I've a loathing ;
 " Let me contract for *army clothing* † ;

* " Among the faithless, faithful only he."—MILTON.

† This *hero* had, in his *youth*, been intended for a tailor.



“ And to the *other members* grant
“ The situations that *they want* :
“ We’ll do whate’er you desire,
“ And be your friends *thro’ blood and fire !*’
“ Thus spoke an interested elf,
“ That ought to have been hang’d himself.
“ Another of this precious gang
“ Arose, to make a *long* harangue—
“ A *new-made* member of the staff,
“ A most egregious stupid calf.
“ He thus express’d himself—‘ You all
“ Must, by *my council*, stand or fall.’
“ But here he stopp’d, began to stutter,
“ And not *another word* could utter.
“ The Chief then, with a furious voice,
“ Declar’d *his will must* be their choice.
“ ‘ Let all the *Rajah’s troops* be told,
“ We’ll give them any thing *but—gold* * ;
“ Say, that we’ll give them a reward,
“ If they will act with one accord ;
“ See if those fellows will consent
“ To be the tools of g——t ;
“ Appoint a Chief to every corps,
“ Their lost obedience to restore :
“ No matter what may be their rank ;
“ Let *Rajah’s subs.* fill up each blank :

* The Asiatics will make promises, but will not part with their rupees.



- “ Instantly let a Court assemble ;
“ I’ll make those *independents* tremble ;
“ I’ll sacrifice both one and all,
“ That under my revenge may fall ;
“ Let ev’ry one of them be try’d.
“ ‘ Aye, aye !’ the sycophants reply’d :
“ Then, in disorder, they retir’d,
“ To act as *Belzebub* requir’d.
“ The torments of a guilty breast
“ Deny’d his E——cy rest :
“ When, with a wild, disorder’d head,
“ In vain he sought repose in bed,
“ He thought the Dæmon of Discord
“ Came, and presented him a sword ;
“ And then, with a malicious smile,
“ Address’d him in the modern style—
“ ‘ Accept the present that I give :
“ With *reverence* this sword receive ;
“ Not to destroy yôur cōuntry’s foes,
“ For *any sword* can conquer *these*.
“ I bring it, as you plainly see,
“ A tribute due to *tyranny* ;
“ For, in this sharp infernal blade,
“ Ev’ry existing evil’s laid.
“ Try, then, its virtues ; and you’ll find
“ They are adapted to your mind.
“ *Your foibles*—mortals call them *errors*—
“ Have fill’d your silly mind with terrors :

- “ But be advis’d ; act as I tell,
“ And ev’ry thing may yet be well.
“ Your subadars, with indignation,
“ Pretend not to retaliation ;
“ But are determin’d to procure
“ *Redress* for wrongs which they endure ;
“ But hear them not ; be absolute ;
“ Let no one *your own pow’r* dispute.
“ Passive obedience is their law,
“ And pow’r can keep the rogues in awe :
“ Behave to them with due severity,
“ And punish them for their temerity ;
“ *March them as pris’ners* to the coast ;
“ But if you pause your cause is lost.
“ Then try, transport, and execute them ;
“ Disgrace them, exile them, or shoot them :
“ Thus leaving *justice* on one side,
“ You may support your usual pride.
“ Discord here stopp’d—and bade farewell,
“ When *justice* ’struck the imp to *hell* ;
“ Seiz’d the vile weapon which he broke,
“ Upon *the Caitiff* with a stroke ;
“ And thus address’d *him*—“ Wretched man !
“ Alter your diabolic plan ;
“ Why would you thus so vile appear ?
“ Why lend to discord’s tale an ear ?
“ Repent ! for justice does assert,
“ That malice will have its desert.



- “ And vengeance cannot prosper, while
“ Justice does over *virtue* smile.
“ 'Ere long your *injur'd country* may,
“ Indignant summon you away,
“ To force your reasons for presuming,
“ Thus to be *daringly* assuming.
“ For *Burra Sahibs*, no matter who,
“ Whether a *greater man*—or you
“ *Dare* act upon no other plan,
“ Than honesty in *Fringeestan*.
“ Then, *reptile* ! at that dread tribunal,
“ Which *now* you dread far more than hell,
“ What say you would be your defence,
“ For acting with such insolence ?
“ *Reform* !—endeavour to reform,
“ And thus avoid th' impending storm,
“ That hangs o'er your devoted head—
“ Repent !—for you have cause to dread ;
“ And know that tyranny must yield,
“ To those *I place beneath my shield*.
“ Thus justice spoke ; and o'er his head,
“ She shook her petrifying blade,
“ Then vanish'd while the chieftain started
“ From dreams that made him broken hearted ;
“ Night, sable goddess ! disappears,
“ And with her all the chieftain's fears,
“ Rejoic'd he sees the morning beams,
“ And soon forgets his horrid dreams,

- “ For *darkness* conjures ghost and devil
“ To certain bosoms prone to evil ;
“ But (like Medusa’s head) the sun
“ Gives them a look, and off they run.
“ Scarcely recover’d from his fright,
“ This miserable errant knight,
“ Now terrified and nearly dead,
“ Retreated from the *cheerless* bed,
“ Cursing the phantoms that alarm’d him,
“ But thank’d his stars they had not harm’d him :
“ Then to another chamber goes,
“ And tells *her ladyship* his woes ;
“ For in the sultry torrid zone,
“ Both men and women sleep—*alone*.
“ Her ladyship, like *Mrs. Hector*,
“ Read him a tolerable lecture ;
“ And like Andromache she screams,
“ And warns him to beware of dreams :
“ O curse the dreams !” was his reply ;
“ Pray what are dreams to you or I ?
“ To me they’re nothing, Sir,” she said,
“ ’Tis of your safety I’m afraid. —
“ Go not from home, be rul’d by me,
“ These dreams portend no good, I see.
“ Who knows but some enrag’d Sepoy
“ Might rob me of my only joy.
“ Thus said she wip’d away a *tear*,
“ And then embrac’d the *Chevalier*.

- “ This was too much for human nature,
“ Too much for *such a timid creature!!!*
“ He kiss’d his wife, and said he would
“ *Preserve existence* while he could.
“ A guard was posted at the door,
“ *To keep the Chevalier secure;*
“ He thus convinc’d his loving wife,
“ *That he was careful of his life!*
“ Thus, blending *prudence* with his duty,
“ He paid a compliment to beauty;
“ For rumour tattles—you may see,
“ She *soar’d o’er mediocrity.*
“ Brahma declares—in maxims moral,
“ *That cowards* never ought to quarrel,
“ And nervous people should be quiet,
“ Nor *give occasion* for a riot.
“ Their trophy very seldom goes,
“ *Beyond a broken head or nose.*
“ Admitting this, we will agree,
“ The knight decided *modestly.*
“ We leave him to caress his dame,
“ For men deserving greater fame.
“ Meantime the Sepoys brave asserted,
“ The knight from honor had deserted,
“ And having suffer’d greivous wrongs,
“ Declare to them *redress* belongs.
“ Their *Subadars* could not controul,
“ The rage of each indignant soul;



Rawlston & Co.

Quadrant.

MISERIES IN INDIA.

- “ But to prevent the dread result,
“ Among themselves they thus consult ;
“ *You know that we have cause to speak,*
“ Both for our own and soldiers sake.
“ We labour under fell oppression,
“ And can't agree to a concession ;
“ That too—to one whose only pleasure
“ Is to annoy us beyond measure ;
“ Shall gentlemen descend so far,
“ As worship *a degraded star* ?—
“ Never—but let our conduct now
“ Our cooler principles avow ;
“ The Sepoys you perceive are mad
“ For vengeance—t'other cause is bad ;
“ They want to march—this very day,
“ Let us conduct them now away
“ To *some out station*, and prevent
“ Results that we must all lament.
“ Our country will declare us right,
“ And soon our wrongs it will requite.
“ ‘ Approv'd ! ’ the Subadars all cried,
“ Let thus our loyalty be tried ;—
“ Better submit to all disasters,
“ Than prove unfaithful to our masters.
“ This resolution soon approv'd,
“ The troops from their cantonments mov'd
“ To diff'rent quarters, while *one corps*,
“ Took up its station at V——.

“ Now tho’ this act of self defence
“ For m——y gave no pretence,
“ Yet was it call’d throughout the station,
“ A breach of all subordination ;
“ *Not* by the *military* party,
“ *They* in the cause had join’d most hearty ;
“ But the affrighted chief asserted
“ His government was now subverted,
“ And counsel’d by the other fools,
“ He acted by no *prudent* rules ;
“ Enrag’d he pac’d the council-room,
“ Vowing on each some horrid doom.
“ Racks, thumbscrews, handcuffs, leaden pills,
“ At once *his pericranium fills* :
“ The direst tortures e’er invented,
“ Would not have then *his mind* contented.
“ Babel itself, (could we declare
“ The sad confusion that was there)
“ Would be a trifle in the scale,
“ To all the noise that did prevail
“ Among the council, when they found
“ The Subadars *had broken ground*,
“ And march’d; but where they could not tell.—
“ Gentlemen, you may go to H—ll,
“ Exclaim’d the chief: beat the alarm,
“ Order the Rajah’s troops to arm !
“ Give the command to some one who
“ Our interests will keep in view.—

- “ Man all the works—double the guard—
“ Proclaim a pardon and reward
“ To those who will, with due obedience,
“ Return to duty and allegiance.
“ For me, *at home in peace I'll stay,*
“ So you may go and *quell the fray.*
“ But first I think it will be best,
“ To send to every corps a TEST,
“ As every Subadar must there,
“ His *fealty*, anew declare,
“ Asserting that he is content
“ With *us*, and with our *government* ;
“ We'll pardon those who sign *the test*,
“ *And hang*, or else *cashier*, the rest.
“ Choose out some *Rajah's chief*, whose mind
“ Is most for *cruelty* inclin'd,
“ To his safe custody we may,
“ *Delinquents* all at once convey ;
“ Let this immediately be done ;
“ Appoint *my friend* old W——k——n,
“ I know his disposition well ;
“ His *virtues* ev'ry one can tell ;
“ All *due* severity he'll shew,
“ To *Koiar Wig*, then let them go.—
“ This said, with consequence he rose,
“ Dissolv'd the court, and *blew his nose* !
“ Meantime the *test* was sent about,
“ To find the *sad insurgents* out ;

“ Some *interested* people sign’d it,
“ But *gentlemen* at once declin’d it ;
“ And when inform’d that sign *they must*,
“ They left the service in *disgrust*.
“ Some *junior* Subadars were us’d
“ Most cruelly, and *some* abus’d ;
“ March’d by an *escort* overland,
“ Hundreds of miles thro’ *scorching* sand ;
“ Some *sham* tribunals were erected,
“ But *this* disgrace alone reflected
“ Upon *the chief*, as they thought fit
“ *Most of the pris’ners* to acquit ;
“ Ev’n those suspended by the *Knight*,
“ Were found to have been in *the right*.
“ *The Rajah*, justice to afford them,
“ Their situations had restor’d them ;
“ *Recall’d the Chief*, to answer *why*
“ *He had disgrac’d authority* !
“ Whether the man has been convieted
“ Or what’s the punishment inflicted ;
“ Or whether he was hang’d or shot,
“ Further *the Fable* telleth not.
“ It hints, that we might *lately* see
“ The Knight *sunk* to obscurity.
“ *He lost his cast* ; and, white men say,
“ To gain it, he’s oblig’d to pay
“ Some lacs of rupees, to support
“ His presence at the Rajah’s court.

“ Money can *honour* thus *outwit*,

“ And, to *their equals*, rogues admit.”

* * * * *

The reader, probably, says “ Fy !

“ I’m tir’d ;” and so exclaim’d QUI HI ?

Ere half the musty manuscript

Had thro’ his curious fingers slip’t :

But having thus commenc’d *translating*,

He finish’d, without hesitating.

We can’t presume here to attempt

A *moral*, which we must lament ;

As QUI HI’s observations go

No further, than to merely shew,

That, in *this world*, vice *does* prevail,

And virtue’s left without appeal.

But think not, reader, ’tis our lot

By Providence to be forgot :

A Pow’r exists, that, not too late,

Will *injuries retaliate*.

QUI HI now sought to walk about,

To find some old acquaintance out ;

For *Pill*, since his indisposition,

Would not allow him this permission.

Rambling one day, by chance, he’d seen

A dashing Bengal palanquin—

A well-known MUL.* popp’d out his head,

And roar’d, “ What ! QUI HI ! not yet dead ?

* An abbreviation for *Mulkatany*, a common appellation for Madras officers.

“How do'st, my boy?”—then, with a bound,
He sprung at once upon the ground,
Seiz'd QUI HI's hand, and, with an oath,
Swore that *one* house should serve them both;
Then, never waiting a reply,
Off to his quarters takes QUI HI?
Inquires into his circumstances,
His state of health, and his finances;
Said, he himself would be his nurse,
And offer'd him his house *and* purse!
His horses, servants; in a word,
Ev'ry thing friendship could afford.
Some cynics, well we can conceive,
These circumstances disbelieve;
For well they know how very rare
Such instances of friendship are:
But QUIZ can tell this selfish crew,
The present anecdote *is true*.
Under the roof of *such a friend*,
His health each day began to mend:
Society's persuasive sway
Drove all unpleasant thoughts away:
In fact, our youth was found, at length,
Restor'd to all his former strength.
Shooting and hunting parties met,
Consisting of a jovial set
Of *subs.*, whose only wishes were
The stranger's scatter'd thoughts to cheer:

And they succeeded; for, ere long,
QUI HI could join them in a song;
Drink wine, and even brandy pany;
And grew, in fact, a *mulkatany*;
Attended all the *chee chee* hops;
Escorts the ladies to the shops;
Presents to each a lace or fan;
In short, was quite a ladies' man;
Got into scrapes with those young men
That wield a weapon call'd a pen;
But always thought it would be cruel
To kill such creatures in a duel:
His military friends were fated
To be illiberally treated;
But, by a manly perseverance,
They trod upon such over-bearance;
And lately taught the whole community
They would not suffer with impunity.
While QUI HI? at ——— resided,
His memorandums were provided
With numerous anecdotes, which, Quiz
Conceives, are *bona fide* his;
And might, as such, be here inserted,
Had not *one cause* the thing averted.
The kind attention which most classes
Paid to QUI HI, his praise surpasses;

And thus, where'er the generality
Can act with real hospitality,
An observation were invidious,
And satire Quiz would hold perfidious.
He here, without a compliment,
Gives credit to *the settlement*;
And will not sully gratitude,
By making a remark *that's rude*.

Our hero's leave had now expir'd;
'The *regulations, too*, requir'd
An application to be sent
Immediately to Government,
Praying for leave to go away,
On further furlough, to B——y.
Poor d——l, he was forc'd to wait,
To get a new certificate,
Which *Pill*, with some reluctance, granted;
And thus QUI HI got what he wanted.
Experience taught him, that by sea
Would be the most unpleasant way;
So he resolv'd, on t'other hand,
To make the journey *over-land*.
His route being quickly regulat'd,
He with his friends communicated,
Stating his wishes to proceed
To —— with the utmost speed;

And begg'd advice—such as, “How many

“Guides he requir'd, or whether any;

“The state of roads, and whether there

“The *inns* afforded *decent* fare;

“Whether the chamber-maids were pretty,

“Or if the hostesses were witty;

“Or whether there he could expect

“*Finger-posts* would his road direct;

“Or whether some conspicuous sign

“Would shew the youth where he could dine—

“Such as, the *Lion and the Crown*;

“Or whether, in some *market-town*

“He'd find the most convenient quarters,

“As usual, at the *Stars and Garters*;

“And if (which caus'd a hearty laugh)

“He'd find the *Bear and Ragged Staff*.”

To all the questions he could give,

QUI HI receiv'd a negative.

Quite ign'rant of an Indian tour,

He made himself completely sure,

That in his journey he would find,

Accommodations to his mind.

How disappointed he has been,

Will very probably be seen;

As to the bear and ragged staff,

The star and garter, and “the calf,”

(The signs that ran in QUI HI's fancy,)

Were only at the *Presidency*.

His friends assur'd him that he must,

In this case, to his servants trust.

While in the meantime they'd engage

The necessary *equipage*.

They told QUI HI, he must be sensible,

A Palanquin was indispensable,

With sixteen bearers, and, of course,

He could not do without a horse ;

This would require a man or two,

To give the animal his due ;

Camels for baggage, and marquee,

Would also, necessary be ;

But, of all things, he must employ,

Some Peon, or *Chokedar Sepoy*,

To whom QUI HI must give permission

To make each day, a *requisition*

Thro' villages for *fowls* and *rice*,

Or *mutton*, at the *cheapest price* ;

For otherwise, we must observe,

He very probably might starve.

A cook he also must provide,

Who on a buffalo might ride,

And keep, in a convenient place,

The canteen and the liquor-case,

As they declar'd nothing so good
As brandy pany on the road.
Now all is for the journey ready,
The camels, buff'loes, horse, *and lady*;
For 'tis a fact that QUI HI lately,
Was caught in *Cupid's trap* completely,
And nothing but her charming self
Could satisfy the *lovelorn* elf.
Reader, she was as black as soot—
Blacker, aye blacker than your boot!
But whether she was black or sooty,
QUI HI consider'd her a beauty;
And, therefore, took her not *for worse*,
As many husbands take—a *curse*,
But simply with her own consent,
San's ceremony, off she went;
Nor did the lady act so nice,
As *wait* to hear *mam's* advice,
But like young ladies we have seen,
Run off with sparks to Gretna Green,
She left her wardrobe all behind her,
For fear her Dad or Mam should find her;
And thus, with all her *dingy* charms,
Threw herself into QUI HI's arms,
Who vow'd thro' life he would protect her,
Nor did he afterwards neglect her.—
Mounted upon a Rosinante,
(A horse at all points tho' we'll grant ye)

Our hero capering was seen
 Close to his "*darling's* palanquin.
 Some of his friends declar'd they would
 Ride with him ev'ry mile they could;
 But hinted that they were afraid,
Paddy would miss them from parade;
 Tho' neither of them car'd a fig,
 About the Major or a wig.*
 Long ere the sun's o'erwhelming heat,
 Put weary trav'lers in a sweat;
 The cavalcade drew up in line,
 Pitch'd the marquee, and went to dine.
 The bearers and the servants lie,
 Under the shelter of the *fly*.†
 Camels and horses seem to shun
 The powerful influence of the sun,
 And to a friendly shade they ran,
 Under a spreading banyan;
 While in the tent QUI HI and friends,
 For their fatigue now make amends.
 They drown'd their cares, (if they had any)
 In laul shraub, gin, or brandy pany,

* Wig, a military term for a reprimand from a martinet.

† The fly of a marquee is the outer covering, which extends a considerable way, and generally protects the servants from the sun.

And *Goulaub*,* with her *hubble bubble*,†
Sat at defiance grief and trouble.
The gentle motion of the trees,
Had now proclaim'd the evening breeze,
And warn'd our traveller to set out,
In prosecution of his rout;
The distant Ghauts now met the eye,
Their azure blended with the sky,
And QUI HI view'd the tedious way,
The task of many a future day.
His friends now being oblig'd to part,
Wish'd him success, with all their heart,
And QUI HI wish'd he might be curst,
When he forgot the *twenty-first*;
They mount, and bid a last adieu,
And instantly are out of view,
While QUI HI, without more delay,
Ordered his retinue away;
Gets into *Goulaub's* palanquin,
Shuts to the blinds, and draws the screen.
The *loul shraub* had by some mishap,
Got in his head; he wants a nap;
Nor did he wake until he found
The cavalcade had reach'd the ground,

* *Goulaub* (rose-water); a common female name in Hindostan.

† *Hubble bubble*—a kind of pipe, smoked by the natives of India.

Where they were destin'd to remain,
Until the sun appear'd again.
After some days of sheer fatigue,
They traverse many a dreary league;
At length the Ghaut's stupendious height
They gain, and have in distant sight
The prospect lengthening afar
Unto the wilds of Malabar,
Where 'twas determined by fate,
That QUI HI's toils should terminate.

END OF CANTO VI.

CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

The reader, if he likes, may peep
From Ghauts tremendously steep;
And, if he chuses, he may find
Hyperbole and *Truth* combin'd.
QUI HI has chang'd his last abode
For, rather, an *impervious* road.
We find him, by an accident,
Plac'd in a *droll* predicament;
And some description of the spot
Where QUI HI *tumbled* from the Ghaut:
Nor can we hesitate to mention
Goulaub's affectionate attention,
When our poor youth at last was found
Nearly expiring on the ground:
The *medicine*, by which her lover
QUI HI? did rapidly recover:
The cook, his insolence, and what
For his impertinence he got:
QUI HI's determin'd resolution,
And military execution;
For, to observe all due decorum,
He flogs the senior in terrorum:
How subs. in India do, without
Money or credit, on a route;
Perhaps, a military hint
To people on the Continent.

The reader, probably, may see,
 That *Quiz* can draw a simile.
 He has attempted to describe
 One of the begging Fakeer tribe;
 Between which there is some affinity
 To ——— Doctors of Divinity:
 Tells his opinion, in reality,
 Of an old Bramin's hospitality;
 Of Hindoo sculptur'd deities,
 Which he upon *his journey* sees;
 And, probably, he'll cause a laugh
 About the "*Bear and Ragged Staff*!"
 Of transmigration fully stated:
 Certain opinions contemplated:
 A hint at physiognomy:
 What *people* may expect to be;
 For Hindoos generally conceive
This life's not ended with the grave:
 Something of the mysterious *spell*,
 Connected with the letter *L!!!*
 The hospitable good Hindoo
Makes for our youth a prayer or two,
Without expence, tho' with sincerity,
 And wishes fortune and prosperity.
 Th' adventures that *Qui Hi* besel,
 On his arrival at Panwell;
 And, for the reader's information,
 A certain *private* conversation:
 A voyage, tho' a short one; and
 A peep at Elephanta's straid.
Qui Hi, near swallow'd by the waves,
 His life with difficulty saves:
 A parallel distinctly made is
 Betwixt Goulaub and other ladies:
 What sort of people *Qui Hi* met,
 When his canoe had been upset:
 A view in Elephanta's cave
 He'd have, before the place he'd leave:

What QUI HI saw, and heard related,
 Was what he had anticipated.
 The Hindoo lets our hero see
 Something *about futurity*.
 Comparisons between the lot
 Of rogues who're hung, and rogues who're not.
 Cross Island, *and its hanging wood*,
 Can perfectly be understood.



A VIEW from Shakespear's *famous* rock,
 Might well the *dizzy* trav'ler shock,
 But could the reader, like QUI HI,
 A prospect from the Ghauts espy,
 He'd see, with wonder and surprize,
 Rocks of a *tolerable* size.
 Were all the *cliffs* that guards our coast,
 (The theme of ev'ry Briton's boast,)
 Heap'd on each other, it would be
 A paltry fish-pond, to the sea ;
 A *drop* of water to a fountain,
 Compar'd to the stupendious mountain
 That QUI HI travers'd on his way
 From Coromandel to ———.
 Nature had, in an angry mood,
 Hew'd out a most intricate road,
 Where *one* incautious step might throw
 The traveller to the gulf below :
 An awful distance, where the sight
 Was *lost* in the extensive height !

Masses of rock shook from their bed,
 Seem'd but *suspended* over head,
 Threat'ning each moment they would fall,
 And crush QUI HI? *Goulaub*, and all.—
 The Hamalls * with a *dismal song*,
 Crept with their *double* load along;
 While buff'loes, bullocks, horses, camels,
 Seem'd just as frighten'd as the Hamalls;
 The cocoa nut that far below,
 Was seen along the Ghauts to grow,
 Altho' gigantic in their size,
 Appear'd *like rushes* to his eyes;
 An elephant look'd like a rat,†
 A royal tiger, *but* a cat;
 And had a *Burra Sahib* been there,
 The *thing* had vanish'd into air.
 The cataract, to QUI HI's mind,
 Lost all it's thunder in the wind;
 But as it from the mountain bounded,
 He found himself with spray surrounded,
 And *felt too plain* it was, in fact,
 A *real Indian cataract*;

* When those poor fellows are either overburdened,
 or are obliged to travel a difficult road, their paces are
 attended with the most melancholy notes.—QUIZ.

† Quiz must acquaint the reader, that the Indian
 rats are frequently as large as pigs: therefore no fault
 can be found to the *proportions* of this comparison.

Compar'd to which the great Niger,
A *simple* mill-stream would appear.
Now *Goulaub's* palanquin he quitted,
And to the stream his fate committed;
But wonder'd such an awful force
Did not o'erwhelm himself and horse;
He found the terrors of its source
Had been *exhausted* in its course
For miles down mountains, which arise,
Comparatively, to the skies;
And that, like *other Indian* noises,
Of *Burra Sahibs*, it first surprises;
Though first it makes a faint alarm,
Its blust'ring does but little harm;
Then dashing in amidst the *spray*,
He gallop'd *harmlessly* away;
But not without completely getting,
A most uncomfortable wetting:
Not so well off as those of yore,
Who left a *hospitable* shore,
And, like our modern *Frenchmen* tried,
For better quarters, *to other side*:
That after *stealing* certain rings,
And probably *some other* things,
(Which by the bye, bids us take care,
Of pickpockets to be aware;)
Had pass'd *dry shod* thro' the Red Sea,
And brought the *stolen goods* away.

Here Quiz *indeed*, makes no allusion,
To metaphysical confusion ;
He merely states what all must know,
That Israelites were—*so* and *so* ;
And can we wonder if since then,
All *Jews* are counted knavish men.
The reader, if he like, may bribe
Some Rabbi of the *English* tribe,
To tell, for private information,
In that all powerful warlike nation,
If *Jews now* hold the highest station.
This argument, we might allow,
Some *Burra Sahibs* would disavow,
Did not *the people's* better sense
Proclaim such efforts impudence.

The Western precipice he gains,
And views the far extended plains,
But shudders as he tries to see
The depth of the declivity,
Down which, before the close of day,
He must attempt his dang'rous way.
Columns of misty clouds now rose,
That all his hopes at once oppose ;
Egyptian darkness, here surrounds him,
A dreadful presage too confounds him,
While denser clouds were seen to meet,
In curling circles at his feet.

Envelop'd in a fog like this,
QUI HI could think of nothing less
Than making off; but where to go
Was *rather difficult to know*.
He thought his way lay to the right,
Though 'twas impervious to his sight;
He took it, but it only led
Over a rock, which broke his head.
Stunn'd with the fall, the youth remain'd
Silent; nor ever once complain'd;
Nor will the cause our readers seek,
When they're inform'd *he could not speak*.
The muse is not prepar'd to tell,
How *many fathoms* QUI HI fell;
Some sceptics *probably* had wonder'd,
Did we assert he fell a hundred;
But as we solemnly declare,
That truth of all things we revere,
We leave it to the *reader's* pleasure,
The height of QUI HI's fall to measure:
Should it by chance e'er be his case,
To get a fall at the same place,
And Quiz's pen (*in fact historical*)
Will thus forbear to deal in miracle.
We have declar'd our hero stumbled,
And down the precipices tumbled,

But sav'd his life by falling thro',
 A friendly tope of thick bamboo.
 Meantime the Hammalls and *Goulaub*,
Vociferously call'd to "*Sahib*;"
 While every rock echo'd the cry,
 Of "*Master, Sahab, Hollo! QUI HI?*"
 The clouds had put them all at fault,
 And forc'd the cavalcade to halt;
 For still the mist conceal'd the way,
 To where their woeful master lay;
 And had not fortune interven'd,
 There might *QUI HI* have *still* remain'd.
 A Hammall, wishing to discover,
 What was become of *Goulaub's* lover,
 Had, for a *bribe* of a rupee,
 Ventur'd his neck to go and see.
 Groping his way, as dark as night,
 By chance this same unfucky wight,
 Stumbled upon the self-same place,
 And fell direct in *QUI HI's* face:
 "*Oh bobbery!*"* exclaim'd the man,
 "*Hummara ma, Shi-tan! Shi-tan!*"†

* A general exclamation among the Indians: a prayer, that their *mother* may protect them from the devil.—QUIZ.

† *Shi-tan*, in Hindostanee, literally means the devil.

(For now expecting every evil,
He thought QUI HI had been *the devil*;)
He pray'd to *Hunimun*,* 'to entreat him,
Not to let Shitan kill and *eat* him;
'Tho' was *old nick* inclin'd to eat,
On him he'd find *but little meat*;
For nothing but his *airy* frame,
Could save his life, as down he came.
If Falstaff, the fat country Captain,
By chance the same misfortune hap'd in,
QUI HI's adventures were completed,
The youth would have been inundated!
Not so the Hammall—like a bladder,
He bounded down the rugged ladder;
Uninjur'd still, except the stones
Happen'd *almost* to break his bones.—
Not senior Satan when he fell
From *the Empyrean* down to hell,
And left a *palace* something higher,
To *light* up Pandemonium *fire*,
At the conclusion, of a *fall*,
That still *astonishes* us all,
Was half as much as *blackey* frightened,
When in the *toddy tope* he lighted;

* Hunimun—ong of the Hindoo deities; the most *knaveish* of them all; worshipped under the figure of a monkey. For a sketch of this personage, see the driver of the elephant, in the frontispiece.—QUIZ.

And staring, *horror-struck*, around,
Perceiv'd *his master* on the ground.
At length recover'd from his dread,
He tried to raise our hero's head ;
But tho' he breath'd, the Hammall found
He could not lift him from the ground ;
So, marking where his master lay,
He up the mountain bent his way ;
His soul to Hunimun commended,
And then the precipice ascended.
Altho' the clouds had disappear'd,
Another *summerset* he fear'd ;
And being cautious, lest Old Nick
Might play him an unlucky trick,
He never made a single stop,
'Till he had gain'd the rugged top,
Where Goulaub and the cavalcade,
In dread anxiety had staid ;
For *beebee* and the servants fear'd,
QUI HI had really disappear'd :
But whether he had flown, or fell,
It was impossible to tell.
The missing Hammall's well known voice,
Caus'd his companions to rejoice,
When (to prolong QUI HI's existence,)
He bellow'd to them for assistance.
“ Sub. adamy—toom hither ou, —
“ Sub. haramzadda, nitchee jow ;”

Then to th' affrighted *beebee* said,
 "Master get fall—he's *too much dead*."
 "Send plenty people bring him up,—
 "Toom jildi jata—not make stop."
 At this harangue the dingy group,
 Set up a diabolic whoop;
 And off they set, by Goubal led,
 To find QUI HI, alive or dead;
 The *lady*, always provident,
 For brandy pany wisely sent,
 As QUI HI said, (*by way of cure*,)
 The *physic* he could best endure,
 Unfortunate QUI HI they find
 Against a bamboo stump reclin'd,
 In part recover'd from the shock
 Got in his tumble down the rock.
 With *brandy*, Goulauh wash'd his head,
 And laid him on the *pālkee* * bed;
 And then, by way of antidote,
 Pour'd *brandy pany* down his throat.
 With difficulty now they strove,
 Their batter'd master to remove;
 Transform'd their turbans to a rope,
 And fortunately dragg'd him up
 From rock to rock, with all their strength,
 Until the top they gain'd at length;

* *Palkee*—the Hindostanee name for a palanquin.

Then plac'd him in the palanquin,
And soon began their march again.

Goulaub had now the chief command,
And all the mode of marching plann'd;
Abus'd the hammalls, at a rate,
That *might* be *match'd* at Billingsgate.
If they by any chance had slipp'd,
Or o'er the rugged pavement tripp'd;
And as she now was forc'd to ride,
She unconcern'dly *got astride*
On *Qui hi's* horse, and took the lead,
Keeping of all the rest the *head*;
And guided *Qui hi* down the steep,
(Who all the time remain'd asleep)
The copious draft of brandy grog,
Made him as senseless as a log;
Nor did he wake, until the last,
Of all the Ghauts, his people past;
When *Goulaub*, having call'd a halt,
Alighted with a single vault;
And to her joy she now discover'd,
QUI HI completely had recover'd;
Exclaiming with a look so sly,
“*Hummar Sahib bot acha hi.*”
Our hero could not now do less,
Than give the sooty lass a kiss,
Thank'd her aloud; *then whisper'd lower*;
So in she went and *shut the door*.

They're soon disturb'd—a sudden rap
'Gainst the Venetians *spoil'd their nap*,
And rous'd the Gentleman and Lady,
From sleep, for “master's conna's* ready.”
The dinner, neither *boil'd* nor *roast*,
Had nothing very fine to boast;
The cook, *the rascal!* in a hurry,
Had dish'd them up *but* rice and curry,
Which caus'd the *Babbagee*† alarm,
For fear of meeting QUI HI's arm;
But he escap'd with beebee's frown,
Together with a sharp set down
From QUI HI, who abus'd the sinner,
For having got so *vile* a dinner;
The babbagee assur'd them both,
To quit their service he was loth;
But where was now the use to wait,
When they had nothing left to eat.
For three days, not a single *pice*
Had he to purchase fowls or rice;
And that he thought it all a joke,
(Where there's no meat) to keep a cook.
As to *the threaten'd* fell bamboo,
He told QUI HI 'twould never do;

* Conna—Hindoostanee for dinner, or any other meal.

† Babbagee—the general Indian designation for a cook. They are mostly Portuguese.

For if he got *a single blow*,
By *ave maira* he would go,
And then QUI HI might, if he could,
Procure another half as good ;
Adding, they now approach'd *a place*,
Where there were *Justices of peace* ;
And threaten'd QUI HI, without fail,
To put him *neck and heels* in jail,
(For magistrates will shew no flattery,
In cases of *assault and battery* ;)
“ And that he knew for *ten rupees*
“ *One* magistrate would *master* seize.”
Our hero was oblig'd to smile,
To hear the cook's bombastic stile :
He thought the man, from what he stated,
Some magistrate calumniated ;
But some time afterwards *he knew*
That all the fellow said was true.
Wishing to stop a bad example
Of insolence, and give a sample
Of due correction, with a view
To keep in awe his present crew,
He orders that the *Portugue*,
Should be tied to a toddy tree ;
And then to teach him better manners,
Converts the hammalls to rattan-ers ;
Who notwithstanding loud entreating,
Gave him a decent *bamboo beating* ;

But all the blessings the signior,*
 Could on the head of QUI HI pour,
 Ne'er made the Hammalls once give o'er,
 Until they taught poor Babbagee,
 The *consequence of mutiny*.

This operation being ended,
 QUI HI declar'd that he intended,
 At every halt to which they came,
 Signior should undergo the same,
 Unless his conduct shew'd he meant
 Not to be *quite* so insolent.


The fellow *cross'd himself*, and swore
 He would be insolent no more.

He kept his word, and QUI HI found
 Each day, *on coming to the ground*,
 With most agreeable surprise,
 His tent was crouded with supplies:
 Fowls, mutton, curry, rice and yams,
 Sometimes a *kid*, or pair of lambs;
 From whence they came could not appear,
 Or how the d—l they came there:
 For not a cowry had QUI HI,
 To purchase, *fairly*, the supply;

* The most low and contemptible Portuguese in India: even the cooks to the private soldiers call themselves Signior de *Something*.

But as he could not do without 'em,
He never spoke a word about 'em:
But why at this should he have wonder'd,
The fact was, that the cook had plunder'd.
For Babbagee found nothing left,
And so he had recourse to *theft*.
Or let us call *them contributions*,
We'll find that cooks, as well as Prussians,
Have *equal* liberty to *steal*,
The latter on a *smaller* scale.
For were some modern great *commanders*,
Translated to the Ghauts from Flanders,
If necessary, they would dine,
On stolen mutton, without wine:
Necessity, when hunger calls,
They say will batter down stone walls;
So Babbagee, like *some Field Marshal*,
Plunder'd, but *acted quite* impartial;
For ev'ry fowl or lamb he'd see,
(No matter friend or enemy,)
So that the owner did not spy them,
He took, nor ever ask'd to buy them;
By this contrivance he was able,
To keep a *comfortable* table;
He knew his master would not beat him,
Except for money he'd entreat him.


So, without hopes of restitution,
He trusted for an absolution
From his confessor, if he gave,
A glass of arrack to the knave,
And thought that *all* our holy tribe,
Would equally receive *a bribe*.
Thus *lulling conscience*, with a hope,
Such theft did not deserve a rope,
He kept marauding ev'ry day,
Until at last they saw B——y.
This long ordeal having past,
QUI HI proceeded safe, at last,
With all his motley cavalcade,
Unharm'd, but mortally afraid.
The western bound'ry of the Ghaut—
They parted with portentous thought!
They saw, from off those awful hills,
The scene of QUI HI's *future* ills;
And QUIZ can safely now declare,
That QUI HI's *wrongs* were center'd *there*:
Nor had our youth, as he descended,
A single evil once portended;
For nothing bordering on *suspicion*
SULLIED HIS HONEST DISPOSITION.
Close to the bottom of the Ghaut,
A *Fakeer* his attention caught;
One of that roguish tribe of fellows
Who merit nothing but the gallows;



A precious sacerdotal pet
Of the Impostor Mahomet.
He roam'd about from place to place,
And, begging *alms*, knew who had grace;
Assuming manners of austerity,
He treated zealots with severity:
Thousands of them sometimes assemble,
And make the harmless Indians tremble.
The *Koran*, without much humility,
Has class'd those rogues above *nobility*;
And authoriz'd them, without labour,
To plunder their industrious neighbour.
Perhaps the reader is afraid of
Religion there being made a *trade of*;
If so, Quiz safely can declare,
'Tis *traffic'd* in, the same as here.
Of no authority afraid,
Their *holy* office is their trade;
While, to appear in great distress,
They go about, devoid of dress.
E'en, in Calcutta's public street,
Such vagabonds as these we meet,
Completely naked; while, in common,
They meet th' attention of the women.
Often has QUI HI smil'd, and thought,
That were such knaves in London caught,
How the suppressors *there* of vice
Would catch the fellows in a trice;

And Madam Justice, with her sheers,
Would soon deprive them of their ears.
'Twas one of this marauding set
That QUI HI on his journey met.
He'd made a vow, and kept it too,
To let his nails grow thro' and thro'
His hands; to shew, where'er he went,
That he by Mahomet was sent,
To tell the world that all mankind,
Except Mahometans, were blind.
Soon as he got in QUI HI's reach,
This doctrine he began to preach:
But all that QUI HI would believe
Was, that the *Fakeer* would receive,
From strangers a rupee or two,
Like parsons, *pour l'amor de Dieu*.
His negative had no effect;
The fellow something did expect;
He, therefore, would not be refus'd,
Altho' by Gouloub sadly us'd:
The vilest terms she could invent
Were at the naked beggar sent;
For Quiz has seriously been told,
Ladies, in India, too, can scold:
But still the palanquin he follow'd,
And loud for *cherry-merry** halloo'd.

* *Cherry-merry*—a compliment, or a small donation.



Passing between a tope of trees,
QUI HI a small pagoda sees;
 And, being now inclin'd to joke,
 Thus to the begging Fakeer spoke:—
 “ In yonder temple, I am told,
 “ A brahmin has conceal'd his gold
 “ If I can go without resistance,
 “ And get the *cash* with your assistance,
 “ Would you a Christian turn, to find
 “ To give you *half* I was inclin'd ? ”
 “ By Mahomet ! ” exclaim'd the priest,
 “ I'd turn a Turk, or Methodist—
 “ Christian, Freemason, even Jew ! ”
 In fact, he any thing would do,
 If *QUI HI* would, by any measure,
 Procure him the old bramin's treasure.
 Scarce had the knavish Fakeer spoke,
 When he got a tremendous stroke
 From *QUI HI's* whip. The fellow reels,
 And straight betakes him to his heels,
 Leaving our hero to reflect,
 There's villany in every sect !

While thus our youth, at leisure, mus'd
 On subjects that are much abus'd,
 He found, by drawing a conclusion,
 That most opinions are illusion ;
 And felt convinc'd, from intuition,
 That men, no matter what condition,

Have equally permission given
To find their shortest way to heav'n.
He felt indignant at the thought,
That faith could thus be sold or bought:
He found, in all his various travels,
The priesthood seldom truth unravels:
In ev'ry land, in ev'ry climate,
He found a Fakeer or a Primate,
Whose innate principle, 'twas plain,
Was nothing but the hope of gain.
Fringeers*, Mahometans, and Jews—
Parsees, Armenians, and Hindoos,
Would equally receive a bribe,
And preach the faith of any tribe.
While QUI HI, in soliloquy,
Amus'd the passing hours away,
A bramin, whom he just had seen,
Appearing by his palanquin,
With modesty began to speak—
Begg'd QUI HI would some plantains take:
He hop'd that master, as a stranger,
Had from the *Looties*† met no danger;
Offer'd his temple, for retreat,
To QUI HI, from the burning heat;

* Franks—Europeans.

† *Looties*—predatory hordes of robbers, that infest the country about the Ghauts.

Also his simple, frugal store,
Regretting it had not been more.
Our youth, with pleasure, acquiesced,
And to *the Hindoo thanks* express'd ;
To the pagoda's shade retreated,
And for the cool of evening waited.
A bear, or *something* like a bear,
Was what the people worshipp'd here,
He ask'd the bramin to explain
The idol's virtues, and his name ;
Or why such figures were allow'd
To humbug the deluded crowd ;
Or what was the alleged merit
Such paltry figures could inherit ?
The bramin said—However odd,
And ugly, master thought the god,
The Rajah, in his mighty grace,
Thought fit his godship there to place.
It only *lately* had been found,
In moving rubbish from the ground,
Where it for years had been forgot,
And where it might have lain to rot,
Had not a trifling accident
The *thing* to this pagoda sent.
As to the merit of the stone,
He candidly said it had none :
But as the Rajah had thought fit
To make the people worship it,

They crowded round it ev'ry day,
 But rather came to *laugh* than pray;
 And, spite of all the Rajah's talk,
 The thing was but a laughing-stock.
 Should the *Bahauder** change his mind,
 And for another god b' inclin'd,
 It probably may come to pass,
 The *bear's* succeeded by an *ass*.
 QUI HI now ask'd for information
 On Asiatic transmigration—
 Whether 'tis probable that fools
 Hereafter are transform'd to mules;
 Puppies to monkies, and old maids
 Are chang'd to *feline*, in the shades?
 Whether a Judge, with manners coarse,
 Would make a decent brewer's horse;
 Or 'Koir Wig,' a general here,
 Might there become a pioneer?
 Whether such Justices of Peace
 As Blackheath ones, are chang'd to geese;
 Or Lawyers, with important wigs,
 Find themselves nothing else than pigs?
 If a tyrannic low-bred Colonel
 Would be a martinet infernal;

* Bahauder, signifying *tiger-killer*; a title of importance, conferred on *Rajahs*, and other great men, in India.

Or if, a little chang'd his shape,
He'd make a most consummate ape?
Or whether, in a *future* life,
A rascal *there* might meet his wife,
Whose conduct to her, in this world,
To an untimely grave had hurl'd,
And, ere her corpse had pass'd the door,
Sold all her wardrobe to a w——?
And whether such a wife *must* then
Live with the very worst of men,
Whose disposition best would suit
The form of some ferocious brute?
He ask'd if certain officers,
Whom he describ'd, would not be *curs*;
As, with their drill, platoon, and manual,
They study how to act the *spaniel*;
Fawning on rank, with mean devotion,
To gain, at any rate, promotion?
Then pointing, with a cynic laugh,
Directly at the Bear and Staff,
He ask'd the bramin priest, if he
Had studied physiognomy,
And mark'd out the defects or graces
Of all the *heterogeneous* faces?—
“ This fellow, with the ass's ears,
“ A rogue (or something worse) appears:
“ His neighbour, with the antlers suited,
“ Was, *very probably*, cornuted:



THE BEAR & RAGGED STAFF.

“ His air, his figure, ev’ry feature,
“ Would be call’d *horrid* by Lavater.
“ This figure, with a *foreign* cross,
“ Appears to have sustain’d a loss ;
“ But, in his countenance we find
“ The traces of a worthy mind.
“ The others, we can plainly see,
“ Are better, in a slight degree ;
“ Tho’, from their countenance, at most,
“ They scarcely can a virtue boast.”

By curiosity inspir’d,

He of the bramin now inquir’d,
If, in *his* face, the man could see
The marks of *final* destiny ?

The sage regretted, with a sigh,

He could not with his wish comply ;

Said, it was impious for man

To try futurity to scan ;

But that he easily could trace,

Virtue or vice in any face ;

He always was an advocate,

Most strongly, for a future state,

Believe in Brahma, and the devil,

And in rewards, for good or evil ;

In comments which QUI HI had stated,

He said he had participated ;

That injuries of every kind,

Would yet a retribution find ;

And tyrants would be surely sent,
To *some place* for a punishment.
He begg'd QUI HI to be aware
Of false profession : to take care,
And strive to shun as he would hell,
A name beginning with an L—— !
What this mysterious L could mean,
Puzzl'd for years our hero's brain.
Lies, Ladies, Lawyers, Love intrigues,
Are *very often* counted plagues ;
Our hero *almost* swore he would
Avoid the ladies *if he could* !
The reader easily may guess,
Such vows had been *ridiculous*,
As to the *lawyers*, and the *lies*,
They must attack him by *surprise*,
Against *such evils* now our youth
Appeal'd to *honesty* and *truth* ;
And thus he treated carelessly
The *chances* of his destiny ;
Protested that he would not wait,
To meet a single frown from fate ;
For be his fortune what it would,
He'd meet the evil and the good ;
As he conceiv'd it was a folly,
To cherish stupid melancholy ;
And it would shew a want of sense,
To doubt the pow'r of Providence ;

For QUI HI always had expected,
To be by Providence protected.
While thus his fortitude he shew'd,
Away the careless fellow rode,
But not before he bade adieu,
To his good host the old Hindoo.

Meantime the Bramin, honest man,
A pray'r to Hunimun began,—
And then to all the godlike crew,
From *Jaggernaut* to old *Vishnu*.
Entreating that they would at large,
Take QUI HI into special charge;
And then solicited, sincerely,
They'd punish all his foes severely.
Whether QUI HI paid for the pray'r
The Bramin made, does not appear.
Admitting him disinterested,
The question cannot be contested,
That *other* priests will seldom pray,
Half as sincerely *without pay*.
No ornamented vestments gave
Importance to a holy knave;
No sacred robes were here to hide
Profligate luxury or pride;
No hon'rary D.D. could,
Display the Brâmin's rank, with God;
No purple trump'ry, or A. B.
Proudly proclaim the man's degree:

But yet a privilege he claim'd,
That ought to make *some* priests asham'd ;
Equal him, Parsons, if you can,
This Hindoo was—an *honest man*.

The fast approaching shades of night,
Conceal'd *Panwell* from QUI HI's sight,
Just as a gong gave information
That he had reach'd that famous station,
From whence on the succeeding day,
He'd get by water to B——y.
All his attempts could not compel
The village rascally patel
To get him a few fowls and rice,
By any means, at any price.
To his demands the fellow said,
The people all were gone to bed ;
And as the hour was now too late,
Master could not get any meat ;
All Goulaub's rhetoric was tried ;
In vain she scolded, begg'd and cried,
Until by chance an old Sepoy,
Was fortunately passing by,
With orders for the commandant,
And with the Sepoy QUI HI went.
The Subaltern receiv'd QUI HI,
With honest *camp-bred* courtesy ;
And ask'd him, in the *usual stile*,
To take a seat, and stay awhile,

Apologizing did declare
His bungallo had not a chair,
And hinted that his shabby pay
Was below mediocrity :
So small, indeed, that scarcely could
A Subaltern procure him food ;
But added, with an honest wink,
“ By Jove ! we’re at no loss for drink ;
“ You, Ballo ! hither aw—bring here,
“ Some brandy pany, and some beer ;
“ Try *that*, Sir, I have had the choice,
“ Of his best beer from my friend Boyce,
“ The very *primest* in the station,
“ And part of the *last importation*.”
Our hero thank’d him, said he wou’d,
And found the beer was monstrous good,
While brandy, beer, and conversation,
Proceeds—without interrogation,
Our hero *felt*, but *trove* to hide it,
A wish that supper was provided.
Exclusive of the Bebee’s hunger,
He found that he could fast no longer,
And hinted to the commandant,
That he was mightily in want
Of something in the shape of meat,
And did for supper anxious wait.
He four-and-thirty hours had past,
Since tiffen he had tasted last.

The Commandant look'd with surprise,
 He call'd his servants, d—d their eyes,
 Tells them to lay the supper table,
 As quick as ever they are able,
 And to procure *the* gentleman,
 Supper, as quickly as they can.
 The *nokars** made Salaam, and went,
 Not knowing what their master meant,
 But soon return'd with dismal look,
 Declaring they had but a duck.
 " A table cloth," exclaim'd the Sub.
 " Sweep off the dust—the table rub ;
 " *Toom jildy—terrima kachute,—*
 " Make haste you Hindostanee brute.
 " By h——n I'll *mar* you to your sorrow,
 " And then discharge you all to-morrow.
 " Come, Sir, another *plug of malt*,
 " You shall have something to your salt ;
 " What do you think of B——s beer ?
 " I'll get you supper, never fear.
 " Now I shall give,"—' the Governor,'—
 " He's no great things, between⁷ us, Sir,
 " But we're oblig'd to drink his health,
 " And curse him *now and then* by stealth."
 " Oh !" said QUI HI, " don't curse your betters,
 " For to the man I've got some letters ;

* Nokars—servants.

“ And I expect, by all appearance,
“ He’ll be my friend, thro’ interference.”

At this the Sub. almost in rage,
Swore to QUI HI, he would engage,
Was he a col’nel he would serve him,
But as a Subaltern he’d starve him;
Talking of starving—QUI HI felt,
The word was useless to be spelt,
For in his *stomach*, at his will,
He could pronounce each syllable;
So he prepar’d with knife and fork,
At *leg* or *wing* to go to work,
And only waited his good luck,
To see serv’d up *this famous duck*.
Pray, reader, have you ever been,
For dinner *tolerably* keen?
Fasted perhaps a day or two,
God knows! tho’ probably ’tis true,
And afterwards, were you invited,
To dinner have you been delighted?—
Or similarly should you meet,
An old acquaintance in the street,
When ask’d so friendly to partake,
Of oyster-sauce and a beef-steak;
Would you not be surpris’d to find,
The sauce and steak were left behind;
And that, to fill a hungry belly,
You only had a glass of jelly?

Just as surpris'd did QUI HI look,
When in came Ballo and the cook,
And plac'd before our youth a dish
Of something *that resembled fish* ;
Of what description, or what kind,
QUI HI could never after find ;—
But as he eat the wretched stuff,
Which, heaven knows, was bad enough,
The youth was almost thunderstruck,
To hear the mess call'd Bombay duck !
Some wag had giv'n, by way of game,
Facetiously *such fish* the name :
Hence *colonists*, in conversation,
Are *honor'd* by this designation.
The commandant's *domestic* friend,
Declar'd she would for Goulaub send,
For gen'rally “ birds of a feather,”
In India also, “ flock together.”
She came, and then the precious pair
Off to the *cook-house* did repair ;
No *drawing-rooms* have Indian lasses,
To contemplate—their looking glasses ;
Nor do they often talk of scandal,
Tho' QUIZ admits that they can handle
Things just as bad—they *make remarks*
Of foolish European sparks.
This compliment's however due—
They very seldom prove untrue.

Soon as *the ladies* had retir'd,
Our hero of his host enquir'd,
If Panwell was a pleasant station,
Or how he lik'd his situation?
And as a soldier should be frank,
He ask'd the commandant his rank,
His length of service, and his age,
Whether he met with patronage:
Ask'd questions promptly, and as brief,
About the military chief.

He said he hop'd it was not true,
That Koir-wig was thought a Jew;
He ask'd if the report was wrong,
That he had charg'd his aid-de-camp
Wrongly, with having forg'd an order,
And that *some* stupid fat Recorder
Refus'd him justice in the cause,
In sheer contempt of English laws?
The Commandant assu'd our youth,
That all he heard was *strictly* truth.
For twenty years (he said) he serv'd
The C——y, tho' almost starv'd;
That all he got, *mistitled* pay,
Kept him in constant poverty.
He growl'd at *certain men*, and said,
Their subalterns were badly paid;
While *petit maitres*, who may boast
The talents of a *quill*, at most,

Wallow in luxury, and grin,
Purse-proud, at honourable men.
Most officers, he said, could tell,
They all wish'd Koir Wig at h—ll,
As ev'ry soldier knew he meant
To temporize with G———;
And, from experience, well they knew
The meanness of the paltry crew.
'Tis never felt what wrongs they meet,
So Koir Wig retains his seat.
He said, that, at the Presidency,
Some people *boo* with complaisancy;
But mostly those, whose thirst for gold
Their virtue and their honour sold:
But yet he said, QUI HI might find
Others as differently inclin'd;
As it would be a sad misnomer,
To say, the place was without honour:
But all the honour of Bombay
Was going rapidly away.
Now against tyranny he'd rail,
And then his luckless fate bewail:
He swore that scarce *an honest man*
Of rank was left in Hindostan!
He said, that, in his life, he'd known
More persecutions than his own;
And prophesy'd, QUI HI would see
Instances of their tyranny;

For who could be contented with
 Such knaves as Koir Wig or S——?
 He ask'd QUI HI, if he had letters
 Of introduction to his betters;
 For, if he hop'd for hospitality,
 He must have letters to the *quality*?
 Our youth reply'd, his friends procur'd him
 Letters, that patronage insur'd him;
 But as his stay would be but short,
 None of their patronage he'd court.
 And now our hero intimated,
 That only for a boat they waited.
 The Commandant express'd his sorrow
 His friends could not stay till to-morrow;
 However QUI HI he'd assure,
 A boat he'd instantly procure,
 Which when with *brand pany* stor'd,
 Goulaub and QUI HI got on board,
 Directed that the baggage, and
 The horse should be sent round by land:
 Sincerely thank'd the commandant,
 Bade him adieu, and off they went;
 And gave a long, a *last* farewell
 To B——'s mansion and Panwell.
 The *dingy walla's**, now prepare,
 Their little crazy bark to steer.

* Dingy wallas—boat-fellows; the general name

Goulaub, *sans ceremony*, sat,
 Upon a piece of *koir* mat,*
 Which the ingenious contriver,
 Transform'd to mainsail, jib and driver.
 The palanquin fix'd in the centre,
 Tempted almost Goulaub to enter ;
 She told QUI HI *she'd stay with him*,
 And should the boat upset, *she'd swim* ;
 For well she knew the crazy boat,
 Was scarcely capable to float ;
 Yet would she all those perils brave,
 And *lose her life QUI HI's to save*.
 Say, *married ladies* ! would you have
 Sacrific'd your's, your friend to save ?
 Would you *an old canoe* have enter'd,
 And Goulaub's dangers thus adventur'd ?
 Would you, in two months *after marriage*,
 Refuse to get unto your carriage,
 (Or Palanquin—'tis just the same—
 They only differ in the name.)
 If you conceiv'd you might afford
 Assistance to your *lawful* lord ?
 Blush !—and declare there are but few,
 If there, indeed, are any true :

given to those people we designate watermen, in London.

† *Koir*—the husk of the cocoa-nut, made into a kind of hemp.

For know *this Indian* would not blush,
If to destruction thus she'd rush,
Careless of almost certain danger,
To save QUI HI—tho' but a stranger,

Now luckily our anxious pair
Had nothing very great to fear.
The dingy wallas said the tide
Was right against them, so they tried
The koir mat, y'clep'd a sail;
Their efforts still could not avail.

They fix'd the mat, but could not find
A single particle of wind;
So struck it; and thus let her ride,
Just at the mercy of the tide.

Now QUI HI most devoutly pray'd,
That some old hyperborean jade,
Or Lapland witch, would send a gale,
And let them on their voyage sail:
But all his pray'rs had no effect,
And nothing did he now expect,

But that in half an hour more
Canoe and all would drive on shore.
Fortune, who ne'er forsakes the brave,

Now interven'd QUI HI to save;
When, almost at the verge of fate,

A wat'ry grave they contemplate,
While dreadfully the surges roar,
The canoe's dash'd against the shore,

But fortunately all escape
Death in its most horrific shape.

Robinson Crusoe, when he found,
All his companions had been drown'd,
And that he *solò* had been left,
Of all *conveniences* bereft,
When first he trod Fernandez' shore,
Could not have been astonish'd more,
Than *QUI HI* was—when in his view
Appear'd the rack of his canoe.
His palanquin to shivers broke,
'Gainst it by an unlucky stroke ;
The brandy too—his precious store !
No hopes had he of seeing more.
Poor Goulaub now persuades her master
To think no more of the disaster ;
She said, before the close of day,
They possibly might get away.
Just as she spoke a dingy walla
Was heard repeatedly to hollo :
And *QUI HI* now declar'd, he thought,
He saw an English pleasure-boat ;
All his forebodings now forgot,
He and Goulaub approach'd the spot.
'Twas only now that *QUI HI* found
He had been *wreck'd* on sacred ground ;
For now he clearly could perceive
The Elephanta's famous cave

A party now appear'd in view,
Who QUI HI from their dresses knew,
Were mostly officers—he join'd them,
Hoping *good fellows* he should find them;
For as he had been cast away,
He look'd for *hospitality*.

The *Jolly Subs.* for such *they were*,
Produc'd him *lots* of ham and beer;
And then most pressingly entreated
QUI HI and Goulaub would be seated.
They were surpris'd, when QUI HI swore
He had been *ship-wreck'd* on *the shore*,
And begg'd they would be good enough
To let him in their boat *get off*;
But first enquir'd if they would have
Time to see *Elephanta's cave*.—

They all declar'd they would, with pleasure,
Attend our hero, at his leisure.
With wonder and astonishment,
QUI HI now to the temple went;
But almost shudder'd as his view
Caught subjects horrible and new.

A Bramin, for a trifling bribe,
Said he the subjects would describe;
What various things the Bramin told,
What tales traditional and old,
Were we upon description bent,
The subject's too extravagant.

The guide declar'd that often here,
Things supernatural appear;
To prove it he produc'd a book,
From which QUI HI a drawing took,
Of which the modern true translation,
Is simply "*Hindoo incantation.*"
It states that *some one*, years ago,
Had tried futurity to know,
And he employed an old Hindoo,
To get him but a single view
Of future things—and lo! an hour
Was fix'd to shew the Bramin's pow'r.
The place appointed was the spot
Where QUI HI and his friends had got,
Under great *Brahma's triple head*,
That then struck unbelievers dead.
The bramin, when the ghurry's sound
Told *one*, was with the idol found,
Soliciting, he would assert
His power, and infidels convert.
The stranger now approach'd the place,
With terror pictur'd in his face.
"Infidel!" said the bramin, "now
"I shall observe my sacred vow.
"Come hither, and you'll shortly see,
"And tremble at *futurity!*"
Seating the man, he now applies
A magic glass before his eyes;



HINDOO INCANTATIONS A VIEW IN ELEPHANTA.

When, lo! the Elephanta shook,
And Brahma thus in thunder spoke—
“ Mark, reptile! the decrees of Fate,
“ Which, *Brahma says*, he will complete:
“ Till then, your destiny await!”

He said, and, with a stroke of thunder,
The sacred temple bursts asunder;
Seizes the caitiff by the hair,
And hurls him headlong thro’ the air.
He tumbled down to whence he came,
Somewhere about the Hugely stream.

QUI HI now ask’d the old Hindoo,
If he believ’d such *stuff* was true?
The man reply’d, “ that God knew best,
“ And to its truth *he* could protest.”

His hand he offered to receive
The picture he to QUI HI gave,
And begg’d that master would return it.
QUI HI declar’d he’d rather burn it;
Nor would he let the British nation
Bear such a flagrant imputation.
He ask’d the bramin, if he knew
The penalty to libels due?
He told him, laughing, he was sure
The thing was a mere *car’ature*;
And if to *Burra Schib* he’d sent it,
The author never could defend it;

And told the bramin there were flaws
In *his*, as well as other laws;
That, in *some countries*, a *Vakeel*
May have a heart as hard as steel;
Yet even *that* can't be a cause
Why he should not expound the laws.
As to the *picture*, *QUI HI* said,
That he was certainly afraid
To give it back: it likely would
Gain the poor fellow nothing good;
And if *the thing* he'd let him burn,
He'd give a gold moh'r in return.
The holy bramin shook his head,
Like other priests, and said he would,
The picture rather than restore,
Give the fellow a gold mohur.
The fact was, *QUI HI* said he would
In London have it *cut in wood*,
Except he might conceive it proper
To have the subject *grav'd on copper*;
And *connoisseurs*, by this, might see
The bramin's ingenuity.
He said he treated with defiance
The Burra Sahib and his alliance;
Defy'd the lawyers, or the d—l:
Should they with him attempt to cavil,
More *mysteries* he would unravel.

Most of the old Hindoos believe
Stories that *we* can scarce conceive.
Our classic readers all must know,
That Phaëton tumbled in the Po,
When Jove had found that *three* in hand
This Jehu did not understand ;
And so, to save the world from fire,
Plung'd Master Phaëton in the mire.
Another Phaëton, but more ugly,
The Hindoos tumble in the Hugely ;
Where, like *Prometheus*, it is said,
Vultures are on his liver fed.
Whether the story, as it's told,
Is borrow'd from the Gods of old,
Or whether it's indeed historical,
Or superstitiously symbolical,
Quiz knoweth not, nor does he care :
Such as it is, you have it here.

Our hero never could endure
A self-sufficient connoisseur !
And ask'd if any of this class
Resided here, or at Madras ?
The subs. assur'd him, one and all,
That such a fool was in Bengal.
One of the youths began to quote
Of this same man an anecdote :
How a domestic serious strife
Commenc'd between himself and wife ;



THE MODERN PHAETON OR THE HUGELY IN DANGER.

Because the husband dar'd contest,
That he could *judge of drawings* best.
The wife declar'd he was a fool!
An ass! a nincompoop! a mule!
To whom a lock of hair appears
A pair of formidable ears;
And then, his impudence to cure,
Produc'd to him a caricature;
And smil'd, declaring that she scorn'd him—
(She might have added, she had *horn'd* him).
The husband violently swore
He'd never look at *drawings* more:
He begg'd her pardon, and admitted
That he had been *for once* outwitted.
The orator said he'd be curs'd
But critics always came off worst.
Jokes, laughter, merriment, combine
With brandy, arrack, beer, and wine;
Until, in fact, it was too late
From Elephanta to retreat.
No barrack-room or tent they have,
So take their quarters in the cave.
They call a servant, and require,
Immediately, a glorious fire:
They told the fellow to get wood—
To cut down all the trees he could.

Regardless of all other harm,
They only wanted to be warm.
Their masters' orders soon completed,
The cave was well illuminated.
Bamboos transform'd to bright flambeaux,
Were plac'd against the wall, in rows,
And had the gods not been of stone,
To some Parnassus they had flown,
For otherwise each bamboo torch,
The gods and goddesses would scorch.
Sheva had not escap'd the best,
The goddess being quite undress'd;
Had Venus or Minerva came,
Their petticoats had caught the flame,
And was a Cyprian goddess there,
She'd very likely *sing'd her hair*;
For *heathen ladies*, stories say,
Were very often led astray,
Like modern ones, who chuse a *spark*
Deliberately in the dark.
And at the moment, tho' elated,
They find themselves at last o'erheated.
Thus Shepherd Paris, as we read,
(From matrimonial tramels freed,)
Felt himself oddly situated,
When by *the goddesses* intreated;

But finding for the fruit they'd grapple,
 He threw to Venus a sour apple;
 'Twas all the vixen did desire,
 To set old Illium's* town on fire.
 How diff'rent from the *modern Paris*,
 Who at the present is as far as
 Light is from darkness—when we view
 The men who won at Waterloo.
 Enough—QUI HI did now admire,
 The *flambeaux*, *goddesses*, and fire;
 QUI HI, *sometimes* accounted wicked,
 Perceiv'd the goddesses were naked,
 And long, was it 'ere he could sleep,
 For taking at their charms a peep.
 At length t' his granite couch he crept,
 And fast in Goulaub's arms he *slept*,
 Who lay awake—for her QUI HI,
 And in his absence *gave a sigh*.
 Soon as the wish'd for morning beams,
 Away went *goddesses* and flames.
Nothing engross'd our hero's mind,
 He was for travelling inclin'd,
 So call'd the Subs. who were afraid
 They had been absent from parade.
 No *valets* there to brush their cloths,
 Nothing like these Subalterns use.

* It is unnecessary to give an explanation of this term to a classical reader.

A set of careless happy fellows,
Of nothing but of *honor* jealous.
With QUI HI's wish they now comply'd,
And are in time to meet the tide.
The cheerful party made their way,
To where the boat at anchor lay;
The sails are set, they catch the wind,
The Elephanta's left behind,
Dismal the wretched fellows rung,
That on *Cross Islands** gibbet hung;
Dismal the kites, and crows, and cranes,
Shriek'd to the music of the chains,
While QUI HI (moralizing) said,
That he was seriously afraid,
Tho' this example had been made,
Far greater rogues than those they see,
Are wink'd at, with impunity;
Their situation soon he'd alter,
And give old Koir wig the halter.
Had he the pow'r he'd change the case,
And swing some col'nels in their place.
The conversation that occur'd,
Might certainly some truths afford;
For Subs. conceive they have a right,
To make remarks when out of sight;
And hearing of a set like those,
Who *Lionel's levee* compose,

* A well-known *Golgotha*, near Bombay.

A shabby, tell-tale, cringing rabble,
Mean, paltry, and dishonorable,
The muse declines here to disclose,
The arguments which now arose
Between the Subs. who, with one mind,
To hang such fellows were inclin'd.

END OF CANTO VII

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

Customs, tho' strange, no ways uncommon,
Of Asiatic men and women.

The mask we strip from ev'ry ass,
And hold them up in Nature's glass.
While Vice is plainly thus reflected,
Shall Virtue fail to be protected?

By H——n! it shall not, we declare:
Folly alone has cause to fear.

Our satire never goes so far,
As against innocence to war.

“ No pretty black-ey'd Indian maid
Can here of scandal be afraid;
Tho' stubborn facts might bring to view
Certain adventures, tho' not new.

Not even Hymen's devotees,
That annually cross the seas
To gain protection for their charms
In some old dotard's sluggish arms,
Shall hear a single imputation

To soil their vestal reputation:
And let no virtuous married dame
Conceive that Quiz suspects her fame:
He winks at trifles; a discovery
Might injure her beyond recovery.
Let them, undaunted, read our book,
And think QUI HI is all a joke.

Perhaps some *chaste* chee-chee will swear,
 And with our cantos *curl her hair* ;
 Or, complimenting with a curse,
 May treat QUI HI's adventures *worse*.
 Some lawyer, with importance big,
 May stick a canto in his wig ;
 Then all his clients will admit,
 His wig contains some sparks of wit.
 The Burra Sahib's jemadars,
 So *famous* in the Napaul wars,
 With military fame elated,
 May have it to *Shanscrit* translated.
 Should it be studied by the Staff,
 It will, of course, be bound *in calf*.
 If Missionaries—holy men !—
 Read these remarks from QUIZ's pen,
 Let them, if they perceive impiety,
 Transmit it to the Tract *Society* ;
 Or give it, gratis, if they choose,
 Among their converts, the Hindoos.
 In either case, they will implicitly
 Give QUI HI's History publicity ;
 Who late, unhappy victim ! fell
 By Persecution—imp of hell !
 Thro' their malignity he dies,
 To prejudice a sacrifice.
 And, reader, will ye not, with me,
 Pity QUI HI's catastrophe ?

A VIEW of B——'s weathercock,


Convinc'd our youths 'twas twelve o'clock,
 And, therefore, can the reader wonder,
 If they with pleasure saw the Bunder ?
 Landed they bade QUI HI good morning,
 And bid him from their hints take warning.

Some of them kindly did express,
A wish to see him at the mess ;
To this our youth said, he'd consent
Some other time, and off they went.
Tho' QUI HI's *shipmates* now were gone,
Our hero was not quite alone :
Hundreds of *blackys* now attend
Their services to recommend ;
From sad experience he believes
Those fellows one and all were thieves :
Whether or not, he found he must
His trunks with one or other trust ;
(For when he late escap'd being drown'd,
A trunk or two were safely found.)
So having bought a *little* wit,
On this occasion, he thought fit,
'Twould, very likely, be as well
To leave his trunks at the hotel.
A palanquin was soon procur'd,
In which the bebee was secur'd,
And thus our travellers contrive,
At Duncan's tavern to arrive ;
Our host a rough spun child of nature,
Evinc'd the Scot in ev'ry feature.—
An honest, plain, blunt, knowing fellow,
Who lov'd a joke, and wou'd get mellow.
With such a landlord, QUI HI could
Not feel displeas'd much, if he wou'd.



PHANTASMAGORIA A VIEW IN ELEPHANTA.

Ere Boniface could well appear,
QUI HI exclaim'd aloud for beer:
He got some, but so very bad,
It almost made our hero mad;
He curs'd the moorman that had brought it,
Ask'd him what kind of beer *he* thought it;
And ere a word the fellow said,
He threw a tumbler at his head.
The servants run on ev'ry side,
Some strive in vain themselves to hide.—
Some leave their billiards, some their tiffin,
To see what they ~~all~~ thought a griffin.
At length arriv'd old Boniface,
And interceded to make peace;
His beer! the cause, and sour stuff too,—
He never could believe it true,
For he could make it soon appear,
"Twas in his go-down ~~a whole~~ year;
But if he was for beer inclin'd,
Another sort he'd quickly find.
He then told Bhikajee to go
"And get another, where you know;"
For Duncan was not such a goose,
To keep bad beer for *his own use*.
The other bottle made amends,
And guest and landlord soon are friends.
They enter into conversation,
On different subjects, 'bout the station.



Now Boniface disclos'd the scars,
That he had got in Indian wars;
For he too had a soldier been,
And many a campaign had seen,
When an old Chieftain down the coast,
Nearly (thro' fright) gave up the ghost;
So careful of his precious self,
He's ever since been on the shelf.
And now the landlord's subjects chang'd,
He through the Presidency rang'd,
Told all the scandal which the place
Affords, and swore to ev'ry case.
How some one found a curious watch,
When he a gallant *wish'd to catch*;
And (how to shew contempt he scorns,)
Pockets the watch, and wears the horns:
How certain ladies, *sans* a name,
All female reputation shame;
And though their characters and lives,
Can never credit them as wives,
Yet ev'ry year to their direction,
Misses are sent out for *protection*.—
How *would-be* soldiers strive to gain,
An honorable nich with *fame*;
But live, instead of being brave,
Either a *Poltron* or a *knave*.—
QUI HI enquir'd if those reflections,
Extend to all without exceptions?



Newspaper-sc.

Quil. Hall.

QUI HIL ARRIVES AT THE BUNDER-HEAD.

“No, no!” said honest Boniface,
 “Some decent folks are in the place;
 “Some whose acquaintance I entreat,
 “You, Sir, will try and cultivate;
 “For tho’ you are a perfect stranger,
 “I should not like you’d fall in danger;
 “And what you are I soon shall know,
 “If I find out with whom you go.”
 “For,” added Boniface, “you’ll find,
 “Few people here to good inclin’d.
 “For me, it’s always been my plan,
 “To live as happy as I can.
 “I never trouble, Sir, my thoughts,
 “’Bout any body else’s faults:
 “But know them well at any rate,
 “With whom you may associate.”
 Our hero kindly thank’d his host,
 And said, he’d do his uttermost
 To shun such people as he’d find
Dishonorably were inclin’d.
 Old Boniface echo’d the word,
 “Proofs of *dishonor* I’ll afford.
 “Look here, Sir, look at all those tills,
 “Fill’d with bad debts, dishonor’d bills.—
 “Why, Sir, I’ve really to the bad
 “Some thousands of rupees to add,
 “By trusting in the faith of those,
 “Whose only credit was their cloths.

"Red Sir! yes! red and silver lace,

"Give honesty to any face.

"Then you must know 'tis an affront,

"When ask'd for tick, to say you can't;

"Tho' at the time I'd be unwilling

"To trust such fellows with a shilling."

He hop'd QUI HI would never let

Temptations *make him run* in debt;

"For something," (thinks QUI HI) "my friend,

"Such good advice as this you lend."

Then added, with a stiffen'd sneer;

"Come, Boniface, let's have some beer;

"None of that vile sour beverage,

"Laid in the *godown* for an age;

"And order something I can eat,

"For, faith, I can no longer wait:"

Then call'd him back, and said, "my friend!

"Goulaub I to your charge commend;"

And got this answer—"my good Sir!

"My lass is taking care of her:"

For Boniface had, too, we find,

An article of the same kind.

Our hero now, while dinner waited,

The Bombay tavern contemplated;

But first the chairs attract his eye,—

They're each engrain'd with *sans souci*:

This made the novice stand and stare—

In India people without care!

The word was only *on the chair*.

He thought that this confounded hoax,
Was one of Boniface's jokes;
For 'twas ridiculous, he said,
For people whose profession's trade;
Who strive, no matter at what rate,
Or interest they accumulate
A fortune, *something* to become,
When they're inclin'd to *venture home*.
“*Sans souci*” can't attach to those,
Who the community compose;
Nor could that sect of people, who
Are *miscall'd civil*, think to shew,
That care, and often something worse,
Cannot attend an ill-got purse;
For always care and sad ennui,
Attends on idle luxury:
Do men like those feel no regret,
When burthen'd with enormous debt?
And worse, who'd rather *drink* and *game*,
Than pay an honest tradesman's claim?
Or can a dashing equipage
The stings of conscience so assuage,
That such a man—in *such a chair*,
Can with his hat throw off his care?
Or can a grave sedate divine,
Except he's fuddl'd with his wine,
The common ills of fortune bear,
And soberly assume the chair?

Legal delinquents, how can they,
Who at the game of falsehood play,
Reflecting on the *good* they've done,
During the day, *and finding none* ;
Whose views of law are circumscrib'd,
Except they're by a client brib'd ;
Sure such a man can only dream,
If he presumes the chair to claim.
Some *cat-fac'd* General, whose name
Can never add a wreath to fame ;
Some libel upon human nature,
Unnatural in form and feature ;
Some half-begotten miscreant,
That nature here unfinish'd sent ;
Who adding to his form unkind,
Caus'd vice to finish his fell mind,
E'en such a creature, was he there,
Might insolently take the chair :
Some venal and tyrannic soul,
Who'd ev'ry spark of truth controul ;
One whose infernal mind declares,
No laws *but human ones* he fears ;
Whose only pleasure is to make
Men wretched, merely for the sake
Of satisfying—reader ! mark,
A soul—malignant, as 'tis dark ;
Whose very best intention'd smile,
Conveys the *most consummate guile* ;

Should such a caitiff claim the chair,
 Quiz could inform him, without fear,
 E'en was fellow *eight* feet high,
 He wou'd assert *his* claim *a lie* !
 Nor can the subalterns, poor elves,
 Adopt the motto for themselves ;
 For all of them, in some degree,
 Live ignorant of " sans souci."
 Merchant, Civilian, or Divine,
 Lawyers, or Generals, supine ;
 Tyrants and Subalterns, the same,
 Of " sans souci," can *only dream*.
 Our hero then drew this conclusion,—
 This motto could be but *illusion*.

Dinner being finish'd, off he sent,
 His Hamalls to prepare his tent ;
 But application first he made,
 To th' keeper of the Esplanade,
 Y'clep'd the Major of the Fort,
 Whose favor ~~most~~ Subalterns court.
 The evening sun's departing ray,
 Assembled the Parsees to pray
 To Sol, whose fast receding light
 Had nearly bade *the rogues* " good night !"
 The ladies, black, and brown, and fair,
 Now to the esplanade repair,
 While some equestrian demi-rip,
 Would fearlessly the palings leap ;

And hen-peck'd husbands, gross as sacks,
Following *are left* upon their backs.
Poor cuckolds! there left to remain,
Their wives the *cocoa jungle* gain,
Accompanied by chaperon,
They gallop carelessly along,
Until the toddy-tope supplies
A welcome shade from *vulgar eyes*.
'Twas then Goulaub and QUI HI went,
~~To take possession of their tent,~~
Scarce had they enter'd, when they found,
A noisy set the place surround;
For QUI HI's late companions had,
In his retreat found out the lad,
And just arriv'd to see how far
The hero *carried on the war*!
He welcom'd them—made them sit down,
For want of chairs *upon a stone*,
With brandy pany, each supplied,
And said, he would not be denied.
After *a little* drink and talk,
They ask our youth to have a walk;
“ They're only going *for a spree*,
“ An hour or two to Dungaree.”
They told QUI HI that they were sure,
He could not solitude endure;
Begg'd him to go along with them,
And they would shew him *famous game*.



Rowlandson. sc.

Quil. Act.

QUI HI IN THE BOMBAY TAVERN.

London, Published by W. F. ... 1811, Cheapside, Oct. 1, 1812.

Then said—"my boy! come let's be off;

"At all events, we'll have a laugh."

"*Hush*," answer'd QUI HI, "pray speak quiet,

"Except you mean to have a riot;

"Look there,"—then points where Goulaub lay,

Took up his hat and *stole away*,

Warning the servants not to speak,

For fear they should their mistress wake.

Bade them take care, or else they wou'd

Get most confoundedly *bamboo'd*;

Not ignorant of the *expedience*,

Of treating master with obedience,

The fellows silent nod assent,

So off the party laughing went.

The moon majestically rose,

And did all Dungaree disclose

To QUI HI's view, who thought the change

Of prospect was as new as strange;

For now our youth conceiv'd he'd got

Transported to some magic spot,

Where midst a wood of toddy trees,

Fairies and *sprites*, and *fiends* he sees.

Now here and there a female imp—

A *police peon*—perhaps a *pimp*,—

Chacing the dingy queens of beauty,

In *execution of their duty*:

And now a tar, hard in the wind,

For *fighting*, or for *love inclin'd*,

Come in the rear, and, with a blow,
Lays one of Goodwin's Sepoys low;
Then follows up the victory,
And all the vanquish'd Sepoys fly.
Now from a darken'd corner ran,
A *grave, religious, married* man,
Who fancied in the woods to range,
And left *his turtle* for a *change*.
Here *serious* characters resort,
And quit domestic broils, for sport,
And in some sooty *fair* one's arms,
Forget sweet matrimony's charms.
Padrees in holy orders plac'd,
May *very often* here be trac'd;
Hypocrisy thinks it no task,
Here to strip off its Quaker-mask;
E'en missionaries, holy men!
Go here *converting* now and then.
Our hero, (if *if the youth could draw,*)
Had sketch'd the faces that he saw;
And thus the world might clearly see,
The progress of duplicity.
Disgusted by the late discovery,
And almost sick beyond recovery,
QUI HI determin'd to retreat,
Nor for his new found friends would wait;
But to his tent he slyly creeps,
Gets into bed, and soundly sleeps.

Scarce did the sun illumine the morn,
Ere Balloo did his master warn,
To dress himself, as he had said
He'd ride, and see the guards parade.
His horse, a sorry bit of blood,
All night was destitute of food;
Poor devil—tho' the journey's past,
He knew not where to break his fast.
His master had not one *Fanam*,
To purchase half a seer of gram.
He mounts, and tells the Gurra Walla,
As fast as possible to follow;
But this was useless, as the steed
To neither whip or spur gave heed.
Like *Baalam's animal* of yore,
At which the holy prophet swore,
He kept his ground—*no angel here*,
With QUI HI's horse did interfere;
Nothing but *hunger* made him stay;
This was the fiend that stopp'd his way:
Not QUI HI's blows, howe'er he strove,
Could force his restive horse to move;
His patience could no longer wait,
It hurl'd his master from his seat,
Then ran as quick as he was able,
To find protection in the stable.
Our hero very coolly rose,
And rubb'd the gravel from his cloths;

He said he would not argue longer,
 With any brute *that pleaded hunger*,
 But evidently discontented,
 To have his morning ride prevented,
 Vow'd that the headstrong worthless brute,
 Immediately he'd *sell* or *shoot* :
 Then chang'd his mind, and *almost* swore
 He'd ride the animal no more.
 Too true—for the unhappy horse,
 That very day was found a corse.
Fatigue, long fasting, and no bed,
 O'ercame the steed,—they found him dead.
 The servant to an old parsee,
 Sold *his remains* for a rupee ;
 And as the saddle and the bridle,
 Answer'd no purpose lying idle,
 Our hero wisely thought he might
 Sell the accoutrements outright,
 As it was near the *muster-day*,
 He would not get a pice of pay ;
 'Till all his equipage collected,
 The *muster-master* had inspected.
 The knavish *pay-department* Jews !
 A moderate advance refuse.
 The distance was not very far
 Between his tent and the Bazar,*

* Market-place. In every town in India, there is a place of this description ; very convenient, sometimes.

He therefore thought it no disgrace,

To send his servant to the place,

And told him to dispose of those

For any thing the Parsee chose.

In fact, the state of QUI HI's purse,

In any case, could not be worse;

He, of two evils, chose the best,

And left to Providence the rest.

With pleasure now our hero sees,

Ballo returning with rupees;

Tho' for *the pice* QUI HI now waited,

He knew the Parsee rogues had cheated.

But as he thought that ev'ry man

Will cheat his brother, if he can,

Declar'd, that in a case like this,

A Parsee would do nothing less.

Thus mus'd our youth, but never thought,

That ere three months the things he'd bought,

By selling, he would find he'd lost

Nine tenths of what they first had cost;

For in financial distractions

He never thought of *vulgar fractions*.

The rupees having now in hand,

A palanquin he could command;

And as his time was now his own,

He'd pay a visit to the town:

Look at the shops, inspect the works,

And see the Christians, *Jews* and *Turks*;

For Jews he here could plainly see,
In the superlative degree.

While Ballo for the *Palkee* went,
Gaulaub was for the breakfast sent;
She soon return'd with kedgerree,
Rice; chitny, *Bombay ducks*, and tea.

The breakfast finish'd, Bebee goes,
To get his *regimental* cloaths.

'Tis *ten* o'clock, and he must be
By twelve at *Koir Wig's* levee.

Dress'd—*gorget*, epaulets, and sash,
Lion and crown—a *perfect dash*;

For QUI HI was not such a flat
As to display *a crown and cat*;

And travellers declare it's true,

That *things* like these they often view.

Arm'd cap-a-pee, our hero goes,
Not to attack his country's foes—

No; QUI HI *only* went to see
Monkeys attend an ape's levee.

Reader, have you seen Ex'ter 'Change?

If not, it *certainly is strange*,

And, therefore, prithee, reader, go,

And see *Signior von Polito*.

Perhaps he will you introduce

To some great bear, or Lapland goose;

A monkey, polecat, or a rat;

A *wren*, a *sparrow*, *daw*, or cat;



Rowlandson. sc.

ATTENDS GENERAL KOUR WIGS LEVEE.

London. Published by Thomas Tegg, Cheap-side. Oct. 1800.

Quia Prose

And all the quadrupeds and birds
 That *the menagerie* affords.
 But all the animals shewn there,
 And *certain reptiles*, can't compare
 With those he saw when waiting on
 This *demi-monkey, demi-man*—
 This ~~non-descript~~; and, yet, what worse is,
 This said C——r of the F——s,*
 Encircled in a group as bad,
 Our hero on his entrance had
 Some difficulty, we allow,
 To give the monkey-chief his bow:
 This done, he nothing had to do
 But those *anomalies* to view.
 Quiz cannot *for description* wait—
 He therefore begs to give a *plate*.
 Should, *luckily*, the reader trace
Acquaintances in any face,
 He is at liberty to scan
 And patronize *each honest man*!
 But if the reader should conceive
 A face can designate a knave,
 Then, when such faces come to view,
 He will admit the portrait's *true*.
Allow'd; for Quiz can never think
 From disingenuousness to shrink:
 His honour can't be trod upon,
 For he has *pass'd the Rubicon*.

* All true.

He left the sycophantic crowd,
Gave a salaam, *but never bow'd* ;
And wishing still to make the most
Of all the time that he could boast,
He is determin'd, now or never,
His Bombay letters to deliver.
All the directions he survey'd,
And *almost* characters pourtray'd ;
For, simple youth ! he never thought
That friendship there is *mostly* bought.
He bid the Hamalls take the road
To *Chota Burra Sahib's* * abode.
“ Acha salaam ” was their reply ;
And with his orders they comply.
Arriv'd, our hero sends his card
To the subaltern of the guard ;
And now the *civil* subadar
Call'd loudly to a chokadar,
And said a soldier sahib did wait
To get admittance at the gate.
QUI HI could not conceive the reason
The gate was *lock'd* at such a season ;
Nor could he think what was the cause
Of all the noise that now arose.
The Chota Sahib could dread no danger
From a pacific *simple* stranger.

* The little great man, literally.

'Twas whisper'd, that their master had,
After his tiffin, gone to bed;
Or that, perhaps, some smart sultana,
The fav'rite of the whole Zenana,
Might have attracted his attention,
And tempted him to condescension.
~~They lock up~~ every gate and door,
To be from prying eyes secure.
Should some unwelcome footstep rude
Upon the am'rous pair intrude,
How could he shew his face again,
Along with virtuous married men;
For *certain people*, when in years,
Public opinion sometimes fear;
Tho' *out of sight*, 'tis understood,
They, like ourselves, *are flesh and blood*.
Our hero thought himself ill treated:
As for an entrance he waited,
One of the Staff pok'd out his nose,
(He smelt a *stranger*, we suppose)
And, *winding* QUI HI, gave a hollo—
His brother *spaniels* quickly follow;
Conducts our hero to the hall,
And goes the Chota Sahib to call.
The youth conceiv'd each moment he
This self-same Chota Sahib might see:
He thought he was too long detain'd,
And wish'd to have the cause explain'd:

But from the Staff (he recollected)

No information was expected.

His patience being at length exhausted,

An aid-de-camp he thus accosted :—

“ Do you conceive, sir, if I stay,

“ The Chota will appear to-day ? ”

And added, something more compos'd

“ Pray, is *your master* indispos'd ? ”

The *self-important eggellette*

Immediately got in a pet :

The inconsiderate *allusion*

Cover'd the fellow with confusion :

His footman's knot could scarcely tend

The *observation* to amend.

He hop'd our youth might not perceive

The thoughtless insult that he gave ;

So put it off, by his declaring

Such treatment rather overbearing ;

Was sorry that Qor Hf had staid

So long, or had been thus delay'd ;

But hop'd the Chota Sahib would come

Immediately unto the room.

He said he could, with pleasure, tell,

The Chota Sahib was very well ;

But never dropp'd an intimation

Of Chota Sahib's late recreation.

Just as he spoke, *another* came—

Address'd our hero by his name :—



Houlston, m.

QUI HIS INTRODUCTION & COOL RECEPTION.

London. Published by T. Tegg, N. 111, Cheap-side, Oct. 1848.

1848, 1848.

The Chota Sahib was now at leisure,
 And wish'd to know what's *QUI HI's* pleasure.
 Our hero told him he might say,

"That, having just come to ———,

"He took the liberty to call,

"Having some letters from Bengal;

"And as the gentlemen that sent them

"Desir'd he would himself present them,

"Told *egellette* he wish'd he knew

"If he could have an interview."

This had been all our hero wanted;

Which, in *another hour*, was granted.

The letters read, our youth's admir'd,

But, not-being ask'd to *sit*, retir'd.

No invitation here to dine!

No proffer'd honest glass of wine!

For Nipcheese lately had forgot

What *formerly* had been *his lot*.

Nothing like slops or mouldy bread

Now take possession of *his head*: *

He here consider'd it essential

To shew he could be consequential:

But *QUI HI* never car'd a fig

More about him than Koir Wig—

Vow'd, ere he would again be spurn'd,

That every letter should be burn'd.

This had been hasty: such as *he*

Should never a criterion be.

* The fact is, Nipcheese was formerly a Captain's Clerk in the Navy.

To judge of others would be sad,
Except one found them just as bad.
Our youth was fortunate to find
A friend as *generous* as *kind* :
His letters with attention read,
And *QUI HI*'s press'd to take a bed :
An invitation and a room ;
In fact, he found a *friendly home* :
He knew it could not be contested,
This good man was disinterested.
QUI HI now felt within his breast
Sensations that were not exprest.
Our readers know that we allude
To the *sincerest gratitude*.
He was *a man* ; and, it is plain,
We “ ne'er shall see his like again ! ”
No borrow'd lustre did impart
Apparent virtue to his heart ;
For all his merits were *his own*,
And with *unrivall'd splendour* shone.
As 'twas the will of Providence
To bless him, too, with affluence,
His liberality was found
Proclaim'd by all the country round.
The widow's prayers to heaven ascend,
For blessings on the *orphan's friend*.
Now wafted happily once more
To *Scotia's hospitable shore*,

The noblest character on earth
Cheers the lov'd soil *that gave him birth.*
He will accept this just applause
From QUI HI, in a public cause.
Tho' death was since our hero's lot,
His gratitude be ne'er forgot.
No servile dedication here
Is found to please a *haughty* ear:
No interest the author seeks,
When QUI HI's mind he *bluntly* speaks;
And, therefore, begs to recommend
QUI HI's adventures to his friend;
For he had introduc'd the youth
To men of honour and of truth.
No frothy motives e'er infected
The friends that *such a man* selected:
A jovial, honest, hearty set,
Who, now and then, for *hunting* met,
And in libations drown'd all sorrow,
Nor ever thought about to-morrow.
Our youth was perfectly delighted,
When to the hunt he was invited;
Nor did it enter once his head,
That his unlucky horse was *dead.*
This difficulty QUI HI stated;
But all his wishes were defeated,
Had not *his friend* most kindly said
He'd give another in its stead.

Next morning's sun had just arisen,
And drove the dusky clouds from heaven,
Ere *QUI HI*, on his *Arab horse*,
Sets off to find *Byculla* course;
Where, 'twas determin'd, ev'ry man
Should meet before the hunt began.
Their breakfast now the sportsmen take,
Merely a "*plug* of malt," and steak.
The bugle's signal now, of course,
Summon'd the bobbery to horse:
They get the word, and off they move,
In all directions, to Love-Grove.
A jackass, buff'lo, or tattoo*,
The sportsmen anxiously pursue:
Old women join the beasts in running:
"The jungle wallas now are coming!"
So off they travel, helter-skelter,
In holes or corners to take shelter.
A loud "*view-hollo*" now is given:
"A dog! a Paria, by heaven!"
"Surround him—there he goes—a head:
"Put all your horses to their speed."
He's lost—the knave has taken cover!
Old L——n now perceives another.
"Hark! forward, sportsmen—'tis the same:
"The rascal he shews famous game.

* A small Indian horse; nearly as common in Bombay as Paria dogs.—QUIZ.

“ See how the fellow scours along,

“ In a direction to Ghirghon :

“ Dash after him ; he turns again ;

“ We'll find him on Byculla plain.

“ Oh luckless ! we have lost all hope—

“ He's taken cover in a tope.”

Thus spoke the huntsman, and he swore

He'd find him, or he'd hunt no more.

The horsemen fearlessly push in,

Contending who *the ear* should win ;

For, gentle reader ! know, that here

A *brush* is nothing to an ear.

But QUI HI, disregarding care,

Fell headlong on a prickly pear :

Making, incautiously, a bound,

Both horse and rider bit the ground ;

But luckily, except some dirt,

They both escap'd without a hurt.

The Paria in the tope they caught ;

His ear extravagantly bought.

The cur had run them such a heat,

As put the hunters in a sweat ;

They vow'd that on a future day,

They'd take his *other* ear away ;

Now *jumping-powder*,* wine and beer,

The riders and the horses cheer.

* Cherry brandy.

The huntsman now inform'd them all,
 They were to *tiff* at Bobb'ry Hall.
 Mounted again, the party starts,
 Upsets the hackeries and carts;
Hammalls, and *palanquins*, and *doolies*,
Dobies, and *burrawa's*, and *coolies*.
 Malabar hill at last they gain'd;
 Our hero at its foot remain'd;
 His horse he could not think to ride,
 Like others, up its rugged side,
 So wisely took another path,
 That led directly to *the bath*,
 Where soon he found the party met
 Were all for tiffin sharply set.
 What rounds of beef, hampers of beer,
 What jumping-powder they had here,
 It is impossible to tell—
 To *hint at them* will do as well.
 It therefore, must suffice to say,
 That QUI HI spent a *pleasant day*;
 But with the jumping-powder heated,
 He got completely—elevated;
 So much so he could scarce remember
 The huntsman's song, "*fifth of November* *;"
 And 'ere they could cry out encore,
 He tumbled plump upon the floor;

* In the year sixty-two.—QUIZ.



Rowlandson sc.

QUI HU AT BOBBERY HALL.

Quizz. 1781

Printed by J. Smith, 1781.

But as he lay upon the ground,
His health with three times three went round.
Our hero soon regain'd his seat,
And kept it up till it was late.
More *jumping-powder* they were sure,
Would certainly effect a cure;
This antidote so soon discover'd,
Our hero tried, and got recover'd;
Then join'd them in their songs and laughter,
Nor e'er complain'd of head-achs after.

Homewards the party now proceeds,
Scarce capable to guide their steeds,
But tho' through rocks and topes they went,
None of them met an accident.
How QUI HI had contriv'd to mount,
He never after could account;
Nor how his saddle he could keep,
For all the time he *was asleep*.
The horse (*quite sober*) knew the way,
Without direction, to Bombay;
Nor stopp'd till at th' Apollo gate,
Him and his rider's forc'd to wait.
Soon as the sentry hoarsely spoke,
QUI HI immediately awoke:
He found his horse had been mistaken,
And an improper road had taken;

He chang'd his course, and soon he found
The way into his own compound,*
Where he, as usual, *from his gipsy*,
A lecture got for being tipsy ;
Poor *Gaulaub* now was in *that* way,
That those 'who love their lords,' should be ;
And in a week, to QUI HI's joy,
Produc'd our youth a chopping boy.
The duce ! said QUI HI, with a curse ;
It's well, however, it's no worse ;
For what the d—l could he do,
If he had *manufactur'd* two,
Like other ladies, that he knew.
Our hero now, without pretence,
Thought himself of *some consequence* ;
A child he'd got, and what *was* curious,
He knew the infant was not spurious ;
For tho' QUI HI was never tied
By *licence* to his Indian bride,
Yet he was confident that she
Had acted with fidelity.

How many husbands, to their shame,
Would hesitate to say the same ;——
But now he finds he must submit,
To European damsels wit ;

* An enclosure round a tent or bungallo.

Wherever QUI HI did appear,

The spinsters titter, chat, and jeer.

“ O dear, Miss *Pinchback*, have you heard,

“ La ! what a scandal—on my word ;”

“ What,” (said Miss *Pinchback*) “ prithee say ?

“ Tell us the scandal of the day ?”

“ The fellow ! but we’ll send him out

“ Of our society, no doubt ;

“ There’s sweet Miss *Wababina Stocking*,

“ *She* can repeat it—’tis so shocking ;

“ That QUI HI’s creature, it is said,

“ The other day was brought to bed.”

“ Oh heaven !” exclaim’d Miss *Indigo*,

“ And could he then have us’d me so ?

“ And with a *black one* too connected,

“ My fortune and myself rejected ;

“ If such a thing’s allow’d to pass,

“ What then is to become of us ?

“ If this is privileg’d, ’tis plain,

“ To Europe we must go again.

“ A precious precedent’s begun,

“ A mistress first, and then a son ;

“ No matter, *my revenge* I’ll have,

“ Upon the master and *his slave* ;

“ I know the fellow is *in debt* :

“ I’ll have *my satisfaction* yet ;”

And then Miss *Indigo* with spite,

Wish’d her companions a “ good night.”

Miss *Cotton-Bale* declares, she thinks,
Miss Indigo a perfect minx;
And amiable Miss Cocoa-Nut,
Pronounces her "a saucy slut."
The lady's father was a planter;
Her mother but a slave, we'll grant her;
By what authority she'd clack,
'Bout ladies, whether *white* or *black*;
She had deriv'd from her dear mother,
A tinge betwixt the one and t'other:
One of these *things* describ'd to be,
In Hindostan, a mere *chee chee*.
Her figure something like an S,
Not many graces could express;
But her deformity to cover,
And get the crooked nymph a lover,
Her sire, just as th' intruder death,
Had nearly stopp'd the planter's breath,
Begg'd hard for time before he died,
To let him for his *child* provide:
For pen and ink he quickly sends,
And to exclude his *other* friends,
Gave her each rupee he was worth,
And all the goods he had on earth;
At which old death was so provok'd,
He instantly the villain choak'd.
A European boarding-school,
Confirm'd the *chee chee* for a fool.

She came to Hindostan, and then
Had quite forgot her origin.
Such was the nymph whose am'rous eye
Had took a fancy to QUI HI;
She thought rupees in place of love,
Could ev'ry obstacle remove;
Thus disappointed, her affection
Was chang'd to plans for his destruction;
She found she easily could bribe,
Some of the ~~pettyfogging~~ tribe;
The greatest rascal in the town,
A fellow of the name of —;
A *qui-tam* whose malignant soul,
Deserv'd erasure from the roll,
Did he not luckily escape,
With all his meanness, round the Cape,
Where, if his conduct does not mend,
A halter *will* his progress end.
This *scamp* would not be satisfied,
Till he had gone about, and pry'd
Amongst the Parsees—sordid set,
To find if QUI was in their debt.
He said that he could soon discover,
How they could all their debts recover;
He said that, had they any sense,
They'd take advice *without expence*;
That QUI HI through indisposition,
Was in a dangerous condition;

They must be prompt, or he's afraid,
He very shortly would be dead.
Thus having, with dissimulation,
Got all he wanted—information,—
He pledg'd *his word*, if they'd employ him,
They'd find he'd shortly satisfy 'em.
The Parsees now seem quite content,
Tho' QUI HI's bills they *never sent*;
While thus his enemies conspir'd,
Our hero liv'd at home, retir'd;
For further leave of absence waited,
And was, in fact, domesticated.
The Europe letters he expected,
Had been by some mistake neglected
In Bengal; and he wrote to say
He wish'd to have them in Bombay.
Those letters QUI HI did suppose,
Would all his difficulties close,
And only waited an advice
From Bengal to pay ev'ry *pice*.
Bills came in crowding ev'ry day,
But not a rea had he to pay.
The friend that he could trust, alone,
Some months to Europe had been gone;
The duns became importunate,
And QUI HI's case unfortunate:
While thus his fate doom'd to bewail,
The Lawyer claps the youth in jail.

His pride forbid him to apply,
In B——, for security;
So finding that he had been fated,
For debt to be incarcerated,
He shew'd he had sufficient sense,
To put his trust in Providence.

Behold QUI HI, Goulaub, and all,
Immur'd within a prison wall,
The victims of dissimulation,
Malice, and cruel combination.
Had health admitted him to bear
The insults that he met with there,
He might, tho' by oppression curst,
Endeavour'd to withstand the worst:
But sickness was a diff'rent case—
Was QUI HI's cell a proper place?
To fell despair almost inclin'd,
Misfortune prey'd upon his mind,
Destroy'd a hardy constitution,
And made him wish for dissolution.
At first he try'd, without effect,
Ideas scatter'd to collect;
But soon disgusted with mere thinking,
He try'd the antidote of—drinking.
Some officers, which he found here,
Attempt his troubled mind to cheer,
With conversation, or with play,
Or drinking brandy, night and day.

This, for a time, seem'd to divert
The care that dwelt upon his heart ;
But such debauchery completed
The destiny our youth awaited.
Some months he now in jail remain'd,
Nor ever of his ills complain'd.
But Goulaub, and the hapless child !—
That thought had nearly made him wild.
Reflecting *not himself alone*,
Secur'd by iron bars, might groan—
For his companions had, like him,
Experienc'd Fortune's fickle whim—
He found that, for the self-same cause,
They, too, were *victims to the laws* ;
If laws they are, or true or just,
Which places confidence or trust
In men, who, on a foreign station,
Legrade and scandalize the nation,
Should *Laws* for party pique be us'd,
Or by malignity abus'd.
Should British laws be thus converted
To selfish vengeance, and perverted
To gratify a private grudge
Of an attorney or a judge?
No ! Heav'n forbid ! tho' public good
In Ind. should not be understood !
Still English justice can unrobe
British delinquents o'er the globe.

"Tis trifling with the name of pow'r,
To let them stay a single hour.
But still our youth had to complain
Of legal tyranny, *in vain*,
The *jailer's* hard obdurate heart
No consolation could impart;
Cold as the iron of his door,
And as unpolish'd and impure.
From one who would disgrace a rope,
How could our youth for kindness hope?
For well his features did express
The mind of such a *Cerberus*.
This *double-plac'd* official cur,
This jailor-executioner,
Was rais'd from an obscure condition,
For his ferocious disposition:
The *cat's* correction oft he'd felt,
Before he had thrown off the kelt;
As, it can easily be trac'd,
The Highlanders he had disgrac'd:
His latter merits only reach
To gain the office of Jack Ketch!
On such a ruffian could Qui Hi
For hospitality rely?
As well might he expect to find
Midnight assassins would be kind.
From such a fellow, so elected,
Humanity was not expected!

Under this Vandal jailor's power,
He felt misfortunes every hour.
The evening sun's expiring ray
Had scarcely set, when, ev'ry day,
The horrid chains the signal give,
That QUI HI was entomb'd alive!
Nor did the doors again unclose;
Until the morning sun arose.
Our youth would sometimes contemplate,
And often murmur at his fate;
Then check his feelings, and, with pride,
Declare *such tyrants* he defy'd:
But still, 'twas evident, his mind
And health had ev'ry day declin'd;
Nor should the reader think it strange,
Such treatment did the youth derange.
Day after day some pris'ner fell
A victim to this—*worse than hell*;
Yet still QUI HI did never cease
Expecting his long-hop'd release,
Until his state of health combin'd
To keep him to his cot confin'd;
Nor should the Muse omit to mention
The faithful Goulaub's kind attention:
Close to her master's cot she'd sit;
Nor, for a moment, would she quit
Poor QUI HI, 'mid indisposition,
His nurse, his friend, and his physician

But medicine they had not any;
His beverage was brandy pany.
Indeed, the doctor, now and then,
Would send an old Mahometan
To feel his pulse, and know if master
Requir'd a dose of salts, or plaster.
When QUI HI would have sense enough,
He'd send Pill's old assistant off:
But if he thought QUI HI asleep,
To Goulaub he would softly creep,
And ask her questions of QUI HI,
And said her master soon would die.
Ask "what for master go from home?"
"What bus'ness he to chokey come?"
"Why master's friend not make pay money?"
"What for drink too much brandy pany?"
"That custom, all time too much bad,
"Make ev'ry body same as mad!"
He'd ask—"Had master got a mother?"
"Or aunt—or sister—or a brother?"
"For now, if master here make die,
"Suppose will any friend make cry?"
"Doctor Sahib he stay at home:
"What for he not to master come?"
"I not know doctor business here;
"And master too much sick I fear."
He said the doctor was a brute—
A haram zadda ma ka chute.

Often QUI HI has laid awake,
 And smil'd to hear the fellow speak;
 But now, alas! the time drew nigh,
 That terminates his history.

The old assistant call'd again,
 And found QUI HI convuls'd with pain.
 His eyes were sunk within his head;
 He lay, to all appearance, dead.
 Goulaub, conceiving master dying,
 Poor soul! was overcome with crying;
 While little QUI HI, at a chair,
 Unconscious he of any care,
 Amus'd himself with looking o'er
 A *bauble* that his father wore.
 Poor child! how little he conceiv'd
 That soon he was to be bereav'd
 Of his protector, and be hur'd,
 Friendless, on an unfeeling world!
 The mussulman now ask'd Goulaub
 A hundred questions about Sahib;
 For as he thought our hero dead,
 No ceremony now he made :—
 “ Master want coffin : give rupee ;
 “ I go to bazar, and make see.
 “ Master now dead, we must make bury ;
 “ I go get cooley in a hurry.
 “ Poor master! fine young gentleman,
 “ I wish make live; suppose I can.

" I plenty sorry : give rupee ;

" I go get *coffin*. You know me."

While thus the mussulman assur'd her

A coffin he would have procur'd her,

A sigh, proceeding from the bed,

Convinc'd him QUI HI was not dead !

So off the fellow goes to find

" If Doctor Sahib would be inclin'd

" To see how poor sick master lie,

" And visit him before he'd die."

Now Goulaub try'd in vain to make

Poor QUI HI understand, or speak :

A last convulsion seem'd a friend,

That all his miseries would end :

Yet 'twas not so ; he look'd around,

• But not one friend was to be found.

" Where is that *thing* call'd friendship gone,

" That thus I should be left alone ?

" Where are those fawning sycophants,

" Who sought my bounty in their wants ;

" Who, in prosperity, pretend

" To act the independent friend ?

" But soon as sad adversity

" Approach'd me, off such creatures fly.

" No matter ! Hang each faithless dog !

" Goulaub ! *another glass of grog* :

" Desire the Hammalls not to wait :

" I cannot go ; 'tis now too late.

" My head!—Don't cry, Goulaub: I'm better.

" Get me my desk; I'll write a letter;

" And if the General should come,

" Tell Koir Wig I'm not at home.

" Hush! There's the Burra Sahib, I see:

" Heav'n screen me from malignity.

" Villains! eternal vengeance fall

" Upon your heads, and crush you all!

" O God, forgive me! but my brain

" Maddens with burning, raging pain.

" Where am I? Do my senses fail?

" Too true, O God! it is a jail!"

He then could but articulate,

" My father! you know not my fate;

" Thank Heav'n!—My mother!" then he cry'd;

Forgave his enemies, and dy'd.

If Justice reigns above the sky,

And that she does, none'dare deny,

Her retributive arm will prove,

That vengeance still's retain'd above:

We soon shall find to her belongs

The attribute of judging wrongs;

And QUI HI'S enemies shall know,

Justice is persecution's foe!

Scarce had his spirit taken flight,

When Esculapius did alight

At QUI HI'S cell, and there enquir'd,

What was it that our youth desir'd?

'Twas now too late—the doctor found:
His patient lifeless on the ground:
He thought 'twas useless now to stay,
So mounts his gig and drives away,
Nor for a moment kept in mind,
The misery he left behind.

Poor Goulaub's feelings and distress

"We are unable to express;
The prattling child was ignorant,
Of what his mother's sorrows meant.
But Goulaub's cries, alarms create,
And brings old Murtagh to the gate,
Who roar'd to know "what could occasion
Such vile disturbance, and the reason;"
And when he heard QUI HI was dead,
"Grin'd horribly," but nothing said.
And now the goaler went away,
To send *the tidings* to Bombay;
How 'twas receiv'd we soon shall find,
When the report had taken wind.
The ladies said, if it was true,
Miss Indigo had cause to rue;
The lawyers added, with a frown,
There ne'er was such a knave as B——;
The soldiers *thought*, and simply said,
They'd rather see *the Colonel dead*.
The cowards—such as Bagnold, say,
They wish'd QUI HI out of the way;

And *they* rejoice because QUI HI,
Would now allow them to fight shy.
Our youth's misfortunes did delight them,
His pistols would no longer fright them.
Old Koir Wig, declar'd to G—,
At the occurrence he was glad;
As (tho' he was a youth of merit)
He had *too violent* a spirit.
Sir Vinegar swore by his trident,
He heard the news and took a pride in't;
For some officious ~~whispering~~ slave,
Said QUI HI had pourtray'd the knave.
And thus *Sir Nipcheese* we may see,
Was also QUI HI's enemy.
The fact was, that each little mind
Was intellectually blind;
And thought ~~their~~ penetrating eyes,
Saw things of microscopic size;
Mountains in mole-hills, and our hero,
They magnified unto a Nero;
A Hogarth and a caricaturist—
He was a Christian—not the purest:
But thought to laugh at vice no harm,
In laughter too he found a charm,
For the vicissitudes and strife
Peculiar to an Indian life.
As to our hero's other friends,
For their neglect to make amends,

They now attach to QUI HI's name
The honors of posthumous fame,
Give him the credit of being careless,
Good-natur'd, honorable, fearless:
That faults he had, we cannot doubt them,
And which of us remain without them?
But QUI HI's errors were not those
Which certain characters compose;
He was, and we can say no more,
An honor to the cloth he wore;
And had not fell tyrannic power,
Oppress'd him in an evil hour,
The youth *had liv'd*, and now aspir'd
To all his friends could have desir'd:
But, as it is, he left behind
Regret in ev'ry honest mind.
What *others* think, *we* do not care,
Detraction's tongue *he need not fear*;
Had QUI HI, when he *was alive*,
For *common justice*, meant to strive,
He would, *and was declar'd* by some,
Importunate, and *troublesome*;
Was he determin'd to resent
An insult, gross, impertinent—
He had been call'd, in such a state,
Irrasible, and passionate.
Had he, *some snarling Col'nel* told,
He did not wish to be control'd,

When at the mess he dar'd not sing
His fav'rite song—" God save the king."
Our youth, *this col'nel*, then wou'd state
Unruly, unsubordinate.—
This Col'nel that devoutly swore,
He'd not have whiskers in *his* corps.
As 'twas the will of Providence,
To make the fellow void of sense,
If wiser, ev'ry one supposes,
His reg'ment would have *lost their nose*
For fear the sense olfactory,
Might an accommodation be ;
Or if, by chance, our hero had
An intrigue, he'd be counted mad ;
Or should an epigram appear,
In the Gazette or the Courier,
A hundred of the stupid elves,
Would take *the satire* to themselves :
Or should his pencil him amuse
With landscapes, or *with other views*,
Some of the colonists were sure
To call it *a caricature*.
The ladies too, dear creatures ! they
Had something gen'rally to say—
The ugly ones declar'd QUI HI
Was nothing better than *a spy* ;
For they protested they felt fear,
Wherever QUI HI did appear ;

For where invariably he came,
He made of the old ladies game:
A parrot nose, or haggard eyes,
Food for his pencil soon supplies;
A pair of spectacles, or glass,
It could not be suppos'd would pass;
And even they had heard it said,
He ridicul'd a good old maid;
And represented the old belle,
Employ'd with leading apes in h—ll;
In fact no mortal could be worse,
And he receiv'd the *old maid's* curse.
The *younger one's* declar'd they had,
Ne'er thought QUI HI was half so bad;
A romping, careless, charming creature,
And then, *how manly* was each feature!
A beau, to ev'ry pretty lady,
And to accommodate them *ready*;
How could those *charmers* then subscribe
To the old good-for-nothing tribe,
Of ancient ladies, who asserted,
That QUI HI *morals* had perverted.
O, no—they never could suppose,
(Tho' QUI HI had a *blacky* chose,)
That he could not esteem for life,
An amiable deserving wife.
They execrate the female who,
Could such malignant steps pursue;

Could change a lover to a foe,
And said that ev'ry one must know,
The conduct of Miss Indigo:
And thus those ladies in the end,
Were *each of them* our hero's friend;
Tho' in his life-time persecuted,
His claims on justice then disputed;
His applications, for redress,
Treated with negligence—*no less*;
To be explicit, all his wrongs
To the *Grand Burra Sahib* belongs:
What in his life-time, *he abus'd*,
When dead, *he dare not have refus'd*
The legislature—and, God bless it,
Once made a law, they thus express it:—
“That officers—and rank and file,
“Should go to t'other world *in stile*—
“*Videlicet*—that they might have,
“A dashing escort to the grave,
“And make the upper regions wonder,
“With peals of military thunder!”
An order then, *to this effect*,
Was nothing but what we expect;
Tho' Koir Wig would, if *he dare*,
Much rather all this trouble spare.
It's order'd that a Subaltern,
With four or five-and-twenty men,

At five o'clock were to parade,
And pay due honors *to the dead*;
But as he did not serve the king,
Sepoys would answer the same thing.
Meantime the news had reach'd a friend,
Who said he would a coffin send;
Thus was QUI HI accommodated,
And only for the party waited.
They come, and soon again depart,
With QUI HI in the *bullock-cart*;
While Goulaub, and the little child,
(Who with unconscious pleasure smil'd,)
Following their patron's corpse were seen,
In an old hackney palanquin;
The drum and fife distinctly said,
"A *jungle walla* now was dead!"
And all the Indians strive to follow,
Chorus'ing Goulaub's dismal hollow.
Thro' Dungaree and Masagon,
Has the procession pass'd along.
They reach the strand, and, from afar,
Perceive the *Hill of Malabar*,
The scene of many a happy day,
While *he* resided at Bombay;
Where with the Bob'ry-hunt he spent
His hours, with pleasure and content.
The Hindoos, at their burial-ground,
Were (*burning a companion*) found,
While skulls and bones were scatter'd round.



Another Golgotha (their own,)
 Call'd *Padree Burrows's* godown.
 They come to where our youth they leave,
Sans ceremony in the grave;
 Except poor J——n's having read
 The *usual lessons* for the dead.
 But well we know, the *grave* divine,
 Had rather join'd QUI HI in wine.
 No monument points out the spot,
 Where QUI HI's body's left to rot.
 But, reader, know that QUI HI's spirit,
Another body does inherit.
 It now must be the reader's wish,
 To change him from a flying fish !
 We hope he'll be allow'd again,
 To join his fellow-creatures, men.
 Then let the fellows who annoy'd him,
 For preservation-sake, avoid him ;
 For QUI HI, if his mind's not alter'd,
 Would have each ragamuffin halter'd ;
 Nor would he care a single fig,
 'Bout *Burra Sahib*, or Koir Wig.

FINIS.

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STRANGE FIGURES NEAR THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA. 1814.

